

SHOSHONE FOLK LORE

SARAH EMILIA OLDEN





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SHOSHONE FOLK LORE

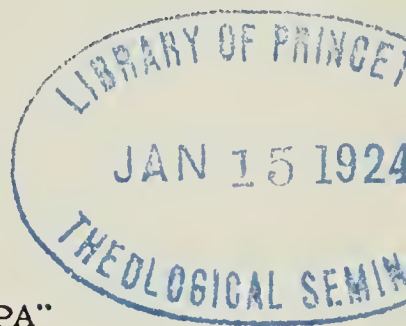


SHOSHONE FOLK LORE

AS DISCOVERED FROM THE REV. JOHN ROBERTS,
A HIDDEN HERO, ON THE WIND RIVER INDIAN
RESERVATION IN WYOMING

BY
SARAH EMILIA OLDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEOPLE OF TIPI SAPA"
AND "KARÔC INDIAN STORIES"



MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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1923

TO THE REVEREND JOHN ROBERTS,
AND MRS. ROBERTS
AND THEIR FAMILY,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



Photograph by Sproul, Lander, Wyo.

SHOSHONE INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY

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FOREWORD

THE chief source of information in writing this book was the Reverend John Roberts himself. Then I had recourse to the **Journal of Lewis and Clark**; **Bird Woman**, by James Willard Schultz; **The Journal of American History**, Fulton Memorial number (1907), containing the very able article (page 467) by Grace Raymond Hebard, Ph.D., Pilot of the First White Men to Cross the American Continent—Sacajawea; also, a little book, **Wind River Reservation, Wyoming**, by the wife of Baird S. Cooper.

Rose Stagner, one of the school girls, gave me some information.

Iva St. Clair and Molly Snyder told me little stories; the former two, the latter, one.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY

THE Wind River runs through western central Wyoming, near the main range of the Rockies. On the eastern slope of these mountains is the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and that was my destination.

It was a glorious morning when I left Rock Springs on the western border to travel all the way across the state to Cheyenne through the Wyoming desert; nothing in sight but endless plains and low hills of peculiar limestone formation. Sometimes one of these hills appeared like a mediaeval fortress with all its battlements and towers. The limestone bluffs of Wyoming tell of the ages which have passed, and seem an emblem of everlasting stability. A log house here and there, or a white tent, made me realize that I was in an Indian country.

The clouds! I watched them all day long. Sometimes pillars of them rested on the earth supporting gigantic masses overhead; but most of them represented animals or people. Of antediluvians there was no end; and they ap-

peared to be giving chase to shaggy polar bears and fleecy sheep. Capricorn, with long horns and beard, seemed to be looking on from a distance and grinning at them all. Then a huge salmon or a sturgeon would float by in the turquoise sea of air, open-mouthed and gasping in the high altitude. How calm and peaceful was Socrates with round face and bald head, resting on his laurels! Xantippe was not there. Buddha could be plainly seen, looking down upon the earth with benign, placid countenance. Who is the man with the aristocratic, regular profile? Oh, what a long skip from Buddha! It is surely Alexander Hamilton. Many other worthies appeared from time to time, then changed and dissolved themselves into airy nothing. Thus did these imaginary figures keep me occupied for hours, and help dispose of the tedium of the journey.

The train pulled out of Cheyenne that night at eleven o'clock; and next morning, about five, reached a God-forsaken place called Orin Junction. There I had to change cars, and found in this tiny hamlet a small hotel, a general store, a few minute houses set in the midst of a limitless prairie, and any number of cattle wandering about at random. I watched the sunrise from a sea of entrancing red and gold; but soon had to come down to earth, and breakfast at the hotel. I tried to do my duty by the porridge, pancakes, bacon, and eggs, to which the train hands seemed

to be doing ample justice. After a nap in a noisy room, I made my way over to the station.

The train to Lander, for which I was waiting, was due at 11:25 A.M., if on time, which never happened. This morning, to my dismay, I found it was annulled! A bridge some distance down the line had caught fire and been burned away; and there was no telling when the train would come through! A kindly freight hand suggested my taking the local at noon, to Douglas. He said it was a much better place than Orin in which to wait. Noon came, and I could see no local, only a long freight. My benefactor soon made his appearance.

"Have you made up your mind to go to Douglas?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "but I don't see any local."

"This is it," he said, pointing to the freight train; so there was nothing left to do but climb into the caboose. It was a ride of only fourteen miles. I found Douglas a nice little town, and rejoicing in the ownership of a Carnegie library. Seeing **Back to Methuselah** close at hand, I whiled away an hour or so; but did not find Bernard Shaw at all in accord with my mood.

I was expecting to be called up any time in the night, at the Hotel la Bonte, to take the 11:25 A.M. train of the day before. They thought it might come through at midnight. Next morning at six my telephone rang, and I was informed that the train for Lander was due at 7:15. About

8:15 it actually arrived, or one in place of it; twenty-one hours behind time! I reached Lander in the evening, too late for a stage to Wind River. The hotel, there, was pleasant, with a blazing fire of logs on the hearth in the great office.

At eight next morning, I found myself the only passenger on a stage packed with luggage and mail bags and bound for the Indian Reservation. It was a lovely drive of eighteen miles in the bright sunshine, past well-irrigated farms on either hand. Some were yielding their third crop of alfalfa in one season. The Government has the management of the construction and maintenance of the irrigation system, and charges the farmers one dollar per acre. Everywhere the Herefords were feeding in great droves—red cattle with white faces; also the coal black Polangus variety, both of them very hardy and well adapted to ranch conditions. Large groups of Indians, employed by the Government at six dollars a day, were working on the roads.

After the driver distributed the mail, by hurling it with forceful and steady aim at the various boxes **en route** as he drove rapidly along, and leaving several sacks at the village of Wind River, he took me over to the Shoshone Indian School for girls. I found in the midst of these green pastures and fine farm lands, a plain, old-fashioned brick residential building supple-

mented by quaint log cottages and a log church and school house combined. I had come here for information about the Shoshones, and was a surprise visitor. I was very kindly and courteously received by the Rev. John Roberts and his daughters; had the front living room assigned to me, and was told that I would be considered the Bishop's guest while there. Mrs. Roberts was away on a much needed vacation.

CHAPTER II

THE SHOSHONES AND THE PIGMIES

IT was providential that I was led here to visit with such lovely Christian people; and my sojourn with them was most interesting and delightful. I enjoyed, too, my gloriously sunny room with its broad, entrancing vistas. The two youngest daughters, Marian and Gwen, girls of unusual refinement and culture, were doing the cooking and giving all the instruction as well. The school is a veritable beehive in itself; breakfast at seven for every one; after which the kitchen work is attended to and the dormitories put in order; then prayers at nine. There are special days for the girls to wash and iron and churn and sweep and mop and sew. Certain ones are selected to prepare the vegetables for the noon dinner. The afternoon is devoted to school, and then there is time for romping out-of-doors until six o'clock.

The children love to sing hymns, and at evening prayers are allowed to sing six of their own choosing; sometimes seven and eight. The girls are nice and friendly and courteous, and seem

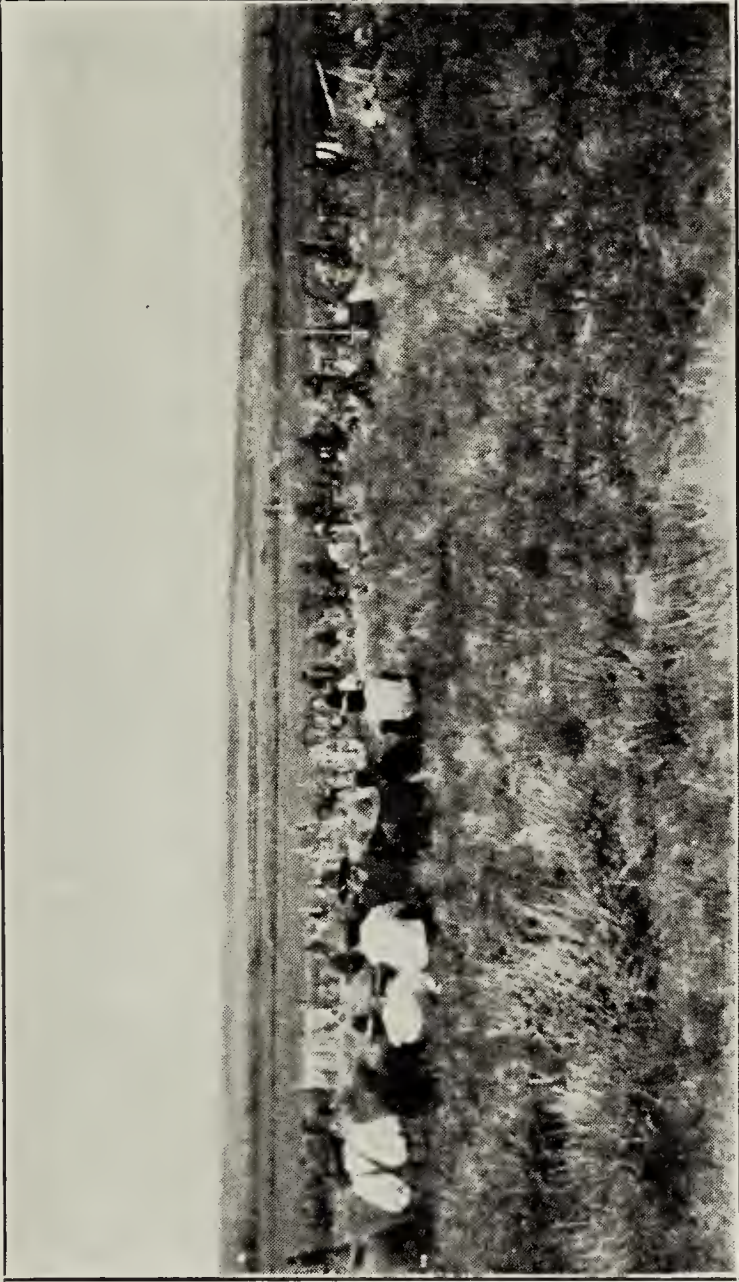
very happy in their excellent home. On Saturday mornings the parents or other relatives, attired in gay blankets, drive in their "buggies" to the school and take their respective children off to log cabin or tent until Sunday afternoon, when all assemble for service at four o'clock.

Their lines have fallen in pleasant places, as they have a beautiful and extensive country for their home. It is as large as a whole state in itself, this mighty tableland of prairie over a mile high, stretching far into the unknown, except where it melts into the green, lavender, and brown slopes of the Rockies, rich in hemlock and spruce, and white and yellow pine timber. Then there are the sparkling days, and "the golden evening brightening in the west", and the great brilliant moon in the spangled, sapphire heavens. Once in awhile the shriek of the night hawk came, weird and shrill, over the fields, and from afar off the wild, almost human, cry of the coyote. Here is nature in all its glory; and it gives one a feeling of intense nearness to the Creator. I had not been here long before Mr. Roberts told me an interesting story about the night hawk, or goatsucker as it is sometimes called; showing that white men can do just as mean things as Indians.

Once upon a time, a white man was making his way down one of these great mountains. A huge boulder loosened behind him and was coming along rapidly, threatening to crush him. He

ran headlong over the trail and finally came to a washout. Crouching down beside it hurriedly, he escaped being struck by the boulder; but it landed right over him and pinned him in completely. He called loudly for help. "What is the trouble?" inquired a night hawk, answering his cries. "I must get out of this place," said the man; "but there is no opening large enough." "I'll see that you are freed," replied the night hawk. The great bird flew up to heaven, and came down with a rush of wind in his wings. After he had done this three times, the boulder divided in the middle. The man crawled out through the opening. Then he said softly to his deliverer, which was perched close to him upon the boulder: "I want to thank you for what you have done." No sooner had he uttered these words than he seized the bird by his great wide beak and tore him open! That is why the night hawk always flies about now with his mouth open.

The Shoshone Indians, before they were limited to the Wind River Reservation, lived, many, many years ago, all through this region. It was then inhabited by a race of pigmies or **nimerigars** similar to those found in Australia and Africa. The Arapahoes said they were of very low mentality. They probably intermarried with the Shoshones, because some of these Indians are small in stature. They were childlike and irresponsible, but remarkably gifted in quali-



PRAIRIE SCENE, SHOSHONE RESERVATION

ties which enabled them to procure food and skin clothing, and to subsist under very unfavorable conditions. The pigmies were stealthy stalkers and great fighters, too. The shots fired by these little people, with poisoned arrows and unerring aim, meant sure death, and picked off the intruding Shoshones rapidly. The Arapahoes say they were also cannibals. They even hunted them down, carried them to their houses hewn out of rocks in the deep canyons, and ate them. To this day, the houses of these pigmies can be seen in the depths of the mountains, and many of their skeletons have been found.

One brilliant moonlight night a daring pigmy gave chase to a big Arapahoe. The latter on coming to a narrow stream, leaped over it. The pigmy looked before he leaped, and found the stream too wide for him to jump over. Seeing the moon and stars reflected in the water, he said to himself: "That creek is too deep for me to cross"; and returned to his people. So the Arapahoe escaped uninjured.

The Shoshones say the pigmies looked something like our Santa Claus. They were clad in goatskins and always carried a great quiver of arrows over their backs. Not so very long ago, a Shoshone actually beheld one. He was walking on the edge of a very high cliff, when he heard a cry like that of a child. Looking down cautiously, he saw one of the little people on a ledge, being mercilessly attacked by an eagle.

The Shoshone clambered over the rocks and drove the eagle away. The little fellow expressed deep gratitude, telling the Shoshone he had saved his life.

It was almost impossible to kill these little people; but they were so tormenting that the Arapahoes were determined to get rid of them, so they made war on them and exterminated the whole race. They hemmed them in a great gorge or canyon through which ran a rushing stream. Out of this canyon there was no way of escape, excepting in the direction of the enemy. The beleaguering Indians had set fire to the brush in the canyon, which was rapidly making its way towards the pigmies. They gathered in council with a view to devising means of escape.

One little fellow stood up and called out to his people: "Who knows most? Let him now stand forth and tell us how we can save our women and children from being consumed by the advancing fire!" A little wise one stood up and replied: "We will dig a hole in the sand and put our women and children in the hole; then cover them with an earthen roof, so that the fire cannot reach them. Another little brown man clambered to the top of a rock, and calling out to his people, asked: "How do we cook meat? We make a hole in the ground; we put our meat in the hole; we cover it with an earthen roof; we light a fire on the roof; that's the way we roast our meat. Do we want to roast our women

and children?" So **that** plan was abandoned.

The crier again went through the ranks and called out to his people: "Who knows most? Who knows most? Let him now tell us how we can save our women and children from the advancing fire." Directly, another little pigmy named Solomon arose and said: "We will place them in the river, with their heads above water; that is the way we will save our women and children." After a short silence another little pigmy mounted a rock and asked the assembly: "How do we boil buffalo meat?" He himself replied: "We make a hollow in the ground; we open out the buffalo hide; and fitting it carefully in the hollow, we fill it with river water. We put our meat in cold water. We light a fire and heat rocks, and drop the hot rocks into the water until it boils and cooks our buffalo meat; that is how we cook our buffalo meat. The fire is advancing upon us in the brush on each side of the creek. It will heat the rocks, boulders, and stones, do we want to boil our women and children?" So **that** plan, too, was not feasible.

In despair, again the tribal crier called out, "Who knows most? Who knows most? Let him again come forth and tell us how we can save our women and children from the fire that draws near us." Then an important little wiseacre, as brown as a berry, stood forth and said: "I know of a plan by which we can save our women and children from the fire. Do you see these tall

trees around us? Let us now hurriedly build nests in their topmost branches; and let us place therein our women and children, where they will be safe, out of the reach of the fire. That is what we will do!" They one and all shouted: "He knows most! He knows most! He has shown us how to save our women and children!"

So the nests were placed very high in the trees, and the women and children were packed in them for safety. Meantime the great sea of fire was rolling up the canyon and soon reached the trees, burning them down, together with the nests; so the women and children were all destroyed. The pigmies themselves had no means of escape, and that is why there are no pigmies to trouble us today.

This narrative shows their low mentality. Ninimbeb, or the personified Bad Luck of the Shoshones, of whom more will be told later, was probably the result of the pigmies and their pranks. They were generally invisible, and nearly always in the woods, or in the shade of canyons.

(It is the same way in Africa. A negro woman has her baby lying in the shade close beside her; a pigmy comes along, takes it away, and puts a pigmy baby in its place. If a negro pursues it he is shot by some invisible foe in the brush. The pigmy if he steals vegetables, always leaves a piece of venison in payment. If he is followed up, the pursuer is invariably shot with a poisoned arrow.)

The real name of the Shoshones is Nimina (people). They are the people; everyone else is outlandish. They call themselves Shoshones only to the whites and members of strange tribes. Their name is derived from Shont-Shonip, which means abundance of grass, because they always camped where the grass was plentiful. It was also the material with which they formerly constructed their wigwams. They are divided into three bands; the So-so-go or walkers, who always went everywhere on foot; second, the Doo-goo-riga, or sheep-eaters. This band was more intelligent, and very warlike. They wandered off into the mountains and took their dogs with them. They found mountain sheep in abundance; when the dogs saw the sheep on an eminence, they surrounded them and, holding them at bay, waited until the Indians came forward to kill them with their flint-headed arrows. The third band, the Shoshones, was the smallest of all, but very influential, and gave their name to the whole tribe. They may have come in contact with some high official through whom the one name was given to all the bands. The Shoshones themselves are a band of the Snake tribe; who are called Snakes because they are so illusive. Some of this tribe, too, are known to eat snakes.

The Shoshones carried on a brisk trade in shells obtained from the Coast Indians. In the early days Wyoming was the great fur, buffalo,

and game middle range of the continent. Its mountain fastnesses and deep canyons concealed both game and men. Coming gradually into contact with agents of the Hudson Bay Company or the French Canadians, the Shoshones obtained beads and firearms; and many of the older members of the tribe can speak French. The Canadians established trading posts among them as early as 1805 and 1806. A report then reached Congress that this region was worthless; merely a hunting ground for Indians. Thomas Jefferson, who was President at that time, thought it would be well to investigate the matter, and commissioned two young men, Captain Meriweather Lewis and Captain William Clarke, to find out a way to the Pacific Ocean and ascertain whether this great western land was, or was not, worth claiming for the United States.

When Lewis and Clark, with their party of men, in the autumn of 1804 reached the Mandan and Minnetaree Indian villages not far from the present sight of Bismarck, North Dakota, they built a fort and established themselves for the winter. There they became acquainted with a French Canadian trader, Touissant Charboneau. He was then married to two Shoshone Indian girls whom he had won in gambling from a Minnetaree chief. This chief had captured the girls during a fierce battle with the Shoshones.

When the ice broke up in the spring of 1805, Lewis and Clark, prepared to start westward on

their journey, employed Charboneau to be their interpreter and to accompany them to the Every-Where-Salt-Water (the Pacific Ocean). But Sacajawea, his favorite wife, the younger Shoshone Indian girl, proved to be the real interpreter as well as guide, and so made a place for herself in history. She was only fifteen when, with her helpless baby boy, she piloted the party of government men on their long, dangerous, and fatiguing route. Sacajawea was nice-looking; short of stature, spare of figure, rapid in her movements. In the Lewis and Clark Journals it is recorded that she was keenly intelligent and observant; full of resources in trouble, plucky and determined. She guided the party unerringly through mountain passes and lonely places. Cheerful, resourceful, tireless, faithful, she inspired them all. She was capable, too, of real, genuine deep feeling, manifested to such a degree that it astonished Lewis and Clark. It was her devotion to their cause which made the expedition a success, all the way to the Big-Water-near-the-Setting-Sun; so it is largely owing to this Shoshone Indian woman that the part of our country now called Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Wyoming, was considered of value, and retained by the United States Government. It has been well said that this journey resulted in the greatest real estate transaction ever recorded in history.

The name **Sacajawea**, according to Mr. Rob-

erts, who has made a careful study of the Shoshone language, is derived from **Sac**—canoe, boat or raft; **a**—the, **jawe**—launcher. The final **a** is supposed to be silent. She obtained the name **Sacajawea** from being so efficient in helping to launch the boats on the great western journey. She is also called Bo-i-naw or Grass Woman; and Bird Woman.

Sacajawea's life has two periods; that in the vigor of her splendid young womanhood; then in old age, white haired and well preserved. Her two sons, Baptiste, the infant that accompanied her to the Pacific and back, and Basil, the adopted child of her sister, who died, were personally known to Mr. Roberts. He states that in 1883 Sacajawea, then living on the Shoshone reservation, was wonderfully active and intelligent, considering her great age. She was illiterate, but spoke French, as did her two sons. She walked alone and was bright to the last. Sacajawea had no sickness, but was found dead one morning, April 9, 1884, on her shake-down of blankets and quilts in her tipi. In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Roberts gave her Christian burial, laying her to rest and to await her resurrection. So the State of Wyoming, which was not traversed by the explorers either on the journey to the Coast or on the return, claims the distinction of having had the renowned Indian woman guide a resident within its borders for many years, and holds, now,

all that is mortal of this native-born American.

No further mention is made of this woman until twenty years later, when Mr. Bruno Louis Zimm, the New York sculptor, prepared to model a statue of Sacajawea for the St. Louis Fair in 1904. Mr. Zimm spent a year in studying the literature and ethnology involved in this subject. When the time came for him to procure a model typical of a woman of the Shoshone tribe, he was instructed to correspond with the Rev. Mr. Roberts, who had then worked among these people as a missionary for over twenty-years. Mr. Roberts directed Mr. Zimm's attention to one of the young Shoshone women, Miss Virginia Grant, who was at that time a student at the Carlisle Indian School. She is pronounced to be decidedly typical of this tribe. Mr. Roberts at the same time examined his parish records, which he had carefully kept since assuming his duties with the Shoshone Indians, and found noted under date of 1884, Apr. 9th; "Basil's mother, Shoshone, one hundred years; residence, Shoshone Agency; cause of death, old age; place of burial, Burial Ground, Shoshone Agency."

It is said that the statue made by Mr. Zimm not only depicts the true type of a Shoshone woman, but also portrays Sacajawea's nature. It is a stoical figure, expressing calm endurance and suffering, and on the face an expression of patient curiosity. She wears the Minnetaree cos-

tune. The papoose is modelled after the child of William Sitting Bull, son of the great chief.

Mrs. Eva Emily Dye attracted considerable attention to the Shoshone heroine in her book, **The Conquest**. In 1905, at the time of the Lewis and Clark Exposition held in Portland, Oregon, Miss Alice Cooper's spirited and graceful statue was erected by the women of Oregon at a cost of \$7,000. It represents an ideal type, an Indian woman clad in soft skins; and folded firmly into them on her back is a sweet little child. The head of Sacajawea is uplifted, her right arm and hand are stretching forward, and she is standing on a lofty, rough rock.



BARBARA MEYERS

Grand-daughter of Sacajawea, Guide to the
Lewis Expedition, 1805.

CHAPTER III.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SHOSHONE INDIANS

THE Shoshones, or the human denizens of this glorious land, lived first in their grass-thatched wigwams, but often betook themselves to the dens and caves of the mountains; in less fear of the wild beasts than of their powerful enemies who roamed the plains. After a time they built themselves small, compact houses with one room, of slender logs and slightly sloping roof. These are still used among them, as well as the picturesque tipis and the low army tents.

CLOTHING

The Shoshone Indians wore buckskin clothing made from the skins of mountain sheep, very soft and pliable, and prepared by themselves. Two skins were sewed together with the tail ends uppermost, the hoofs and tails being left for ornaments, and the fore hoofs trailing on the ground. This was peculiarly the dress for the women. Over these skin garments were worn heavier ones of deer or elk skin, and in winter,

buffalo robes, when they could be procured.

The skin dresses were ornamented with porcupine quills and shells obtained from the Coast Indians. Later, they were elaborately adorned with beads which came to them in large quantities through trading with the French Canadians. The Shoshone women now wear gowns of red or blue trade cloth, gaily colored blankets, and sometimes beaded moccasins. Their hair, in two braids, hangs in front over each shoulder and they adorn themselves with many chains of beads and shells. The men wear the ordinary clothing of the whites, supplemented by tall-crowned, wide-brimmed felt hats of light gray, brown, or black, the crowns being wound about with scarfs of various colors. They are also partial to bright-colored neckerchiefs; and some of them have handsome fur coats. They still wrap themselves in their blankets when at home or driving in their open wagons.

OCCUPATIONS

The women did all the work and made the clothing. The beadwork designs of the Shoshones consist entirely of flowers. The usual occupations of the men were hunting, trapping, and fighting. The trappers secured pine logs, bored holes in them about an inch in diameter, and filled them with melted fat mixed with strychnine and sugar. The male wolves came and ate the fat, licking it slowly. The poison had time to act before they could get away from the logs.

In fighting their enemies the Shoshones used poisoned arrows. They secured the poison by placing the liver of an antelope or a deer on an ant hill, which aggravated the ants to such an extent that they filled the liver with their venom. Then it was cut into small pieces and dried and afterwards reduced to powder. This substance, a deadly poison, was rubbed on the points of their arrows. It caused gangrene which was followed by death.

JUSTICE

In the case of murder, which was very rare, the nearest relative became the avenger, and was justified in taking the life of the murderer.

MARRIAGES

The infant daughters of these Indians were often betrothed by the father to men who were grown, either for themselves or for their sons. If this was not the case, the father of the young man sometimes asked the relatives of the young woman fancied by his son whether it was agreeable to them for his son to take her unto himself. There was no special ceremony. The Shoshone simply took the girl or woman he selected to his tent or lodging, with perhaps an extra supply of skins, porcupine quills, chains of shells, or a horse.

These Indians treated their wives very cruelly, often beating them so severely as to kill them. They gashed the faces of the poor women, too,

and cut off their noses; a plain case of "cutting off your nose to spite your face"; for what must their appearance have been ever after? But the Shoshone men had not a keen eye for beauty. They insisted that their wives deserved ill-treatment, because they behaved so badly.

CHILDREN

The children of these Indians did not undergo the training that was common among the Sioux and other tribes. They were wild birds. Once a Shoshone sold a horse to a white man and was paid cash. After a little time he returned for the animal. "Give it back to me!" he said to the owner. "It is my son's horse, but I will keep the money!" The boy was on hand to shoot the white man if he did not return the horse at once.

They are very cruel to animals, and still catch rabbits with their hands. They chase the poor little creatures until they are tired out, and then fall on them. Again they take the withes of thorn bushes and stir them around in the rabbit holes. The long thorns become twisted in the hair of the rabbits, making it easy to drag them out; then they torment the poor beasts by beating them or by prolonged strangling.

MEDICINE MEN, DISEASES

Bah-witch-yagat—Buffalo Bellowing, or Bull Lake.

Bull Lake is an enchanted sheet of water situated in a deep canyon. When the wind rushes

through this gorge it sounds like a buffalo bellowing. Then the Indian medicine men can see a huge, gray buffalo rise from the lake. As he stands on the water, the buffalo shakes his mane and tail, and bellows with a roar like thunder. Near the water's edge is an enchanted rock or cliff; and on it are hieroglyphics; writing, or magic, is what the Indians call these signs.

A Shoshone who wants to be a medicine man has to go to this lake and sleep near it all night. He then becomes endowed with magic or spiritual power. A certain Indian, named Ti-bot-sie, thought he would try the experiment. He tied his horse to a tree a long way off, then went over to the lake and endeavored to compose himself to sleep. All night long he heard awful sounds and beheld terrible ghosts. He was so frightened that he covered his head securely with his blankets. Ti-bot-sie was determined, though, to become a medicine man. He braved these terrors until shortly before dawn, when a rattlesnake interfered and buzzed so close to his ear as to upset his over-wrought nerves entirely. Ti-bot-sie jumped up, fled to his horse, and rode away like the wind. So he could not become a medicine man, because he was overcome with fear at Buffalo Lake.

Ti-bot-sie went hunting one day with a friend of Mr. Roberts. His companion shot seven times at an elk across the lake in the mountains. The animal never moved. "Stop!" shouted Ti-bot-sie

rushing to the man and holding down his arms. "That is not an elk; it is an apparition!"

As a rule these Indians are not afraid to pick up rattlesnakes. Moo-yah-vo, a Shoshone catechist, seized one by the neck, which prevented its biting him. The snake was very strong, and wound itself about Moo-yah-vo's arm. Another Indian, seeing a rattler advancing towards him, laid his hand on the ground, and let the snake crawl over it as well as up his sleeve; and it was not a rattlesnake that anyone else had had any dealings with.

These doctors or medicine men sang and danced around the patient to the beating of a drum. They often cut the arms and legs of the sick as a cure for the disease; and sometimes gave them a medicine made of herbs. These men, as a rule, went about and assumed that they had the power or spirit of medicine in them. Mr. Roberts told me of a doctor who had papers to show his authority. One night this medicine man was lying awake in his tipi. He heard his name called two or three times by someone from above, and he finally answered.

"Come out of your tipi," said the voice.

He immediately went outside but could discern no one.

In a moment the Voice said: "I give this paper to you."

He looked up and saw a paper floating from the sky down towards his tipi. He ran up the

tipi pole; and standing on the topmost end, tip-toe, seized the document as it went by.

"And that is the way," said he, "in which I got my papers giving me authority to become a medicine man."

He chewed roots, and, mixing the juice with water, dispersed it over the patient, as a Chinese laundryman of old sprinkled clothes. He also used suggestion, often saying to the sick man or woman: "You are not sick now!"

"No, I am not," was the reply.

"You are much better."

"Yes, I am."

The medicine man still retains his great influence; and the Shoshones, in cases of serious illness, believe more in him than they do in the physicians furnished by the Government.

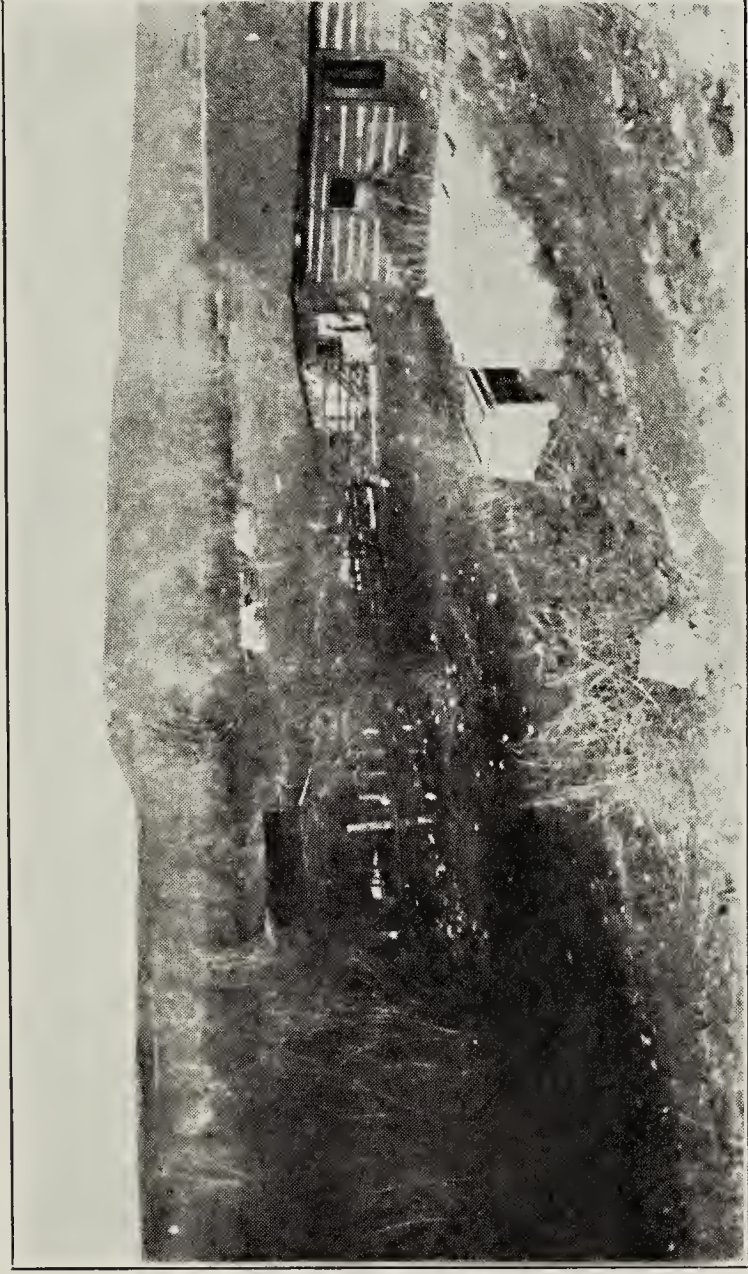
The Shoshone medicine men formerly possessed a kind of talisman in the shape of a small black stone. When they took it with them to the lodge or cabin of a person who was ill, for the purpose of healing him, it was sure to bring about good health; but if a medicine man had a grudge against the family, or if he was paid by an enemy to bring affliction upon that family, he carried the little stone to their lodge, and left it, securely hidden. The family would then invariably be visited with severe illness or even death. If this little black stone were rubbed on a bullet or the point of an arrow, the aim of either would be unerring.

Some years ago a Shoshone came to Mr. Roberts in great distress. He had recently lost his wife from consumption. As she was dying, she turned to him and asked him to tell her the precise truth. "About what?" he inquired.

"Why, whether you are tired of me or not," she whispered. "Haven't you the little black stone, the talisman, hidden in our lodge so as to get rid of me?"

"It pained me very much," said the Indian, "to have her doubt my love for her."

At this point Mr. Roberts told me a story of an Arapahoe who considered himself especially called to be a medicine man. "I was young," he said, "an orphan and very poor. I went out on the great plains and wept and bewailed my misfortune. While in this state of grief, I looked up, and in front of me were a bear, a badger, and an eagle. 'What is your trouble?' said they to me, and I told them. 'Don't weep; cheer up!' they answered; 'we will make you a medicine man. As a reward for your work, you will be rich.' After a long silence the bear looked at me, plucked off one of his claws, and passed it to me with the words: 'By this token I bestow upon thee all knowledge which exists **on** this earth.' After a while the little badger bowed to me. Then he pulled off his claw and handed it to me, saying: 'With this token I bestow upon thee all knowledge **under** the earth.' Last of all the eagle passed me one of his talons and said: 'With



LOG CABIN, SHOSHONE RESERVATION

this token I bestow on thee all knowledge in the heavens **above** the earth.' ” “Here they all are,” said the Indian to Mr. Roberts; and pulling out a buckskin string which he wore around his neck, he showed him suspended upon it the claw of a bear, one of a badger, and the talon of an eagle. “What do you think of that?” he asked. “For a man to tell lies about another human being is a very bad thing,” replied Mr. Roberts, “but to tell lies about God, as **you** have done, is a heap worse.” The Indian, turning as white as a sheet, was evidently very much frightened. He got up, saying as he went out: “But I pray to God not to take me away.”

Some little time ago, one of the Shoshones stabbed another in the back. The knife did not penetrate far, for it struck a bone. The Indian who was wounded remarked, “**He** could not harm me; I have a turtle’s shell inside of me, under my skin. I can take the turtle out through my mouth whenever I choose; I am a medicine man!” Mr. Roberts in talking with another Indian about it said: “Do you believe that?” “Why yes, of course,” he replied, “That man showed me the turtle; it was in his tent!”

A Shoshone Indian boy, well known to Mr. Roberts, was very ill, and became unconscious. The parents called in a medicine man. “The moog-wah, the personality of the boy, is gone,” he said. “There is nothing left but the breath. I shall have to die myself in order to call him back.

Come into the other room," he requested of the boy's father. "Now I am going to be dead" said he. "I will lie down on the floor perfectly still. Then turn me over on my face. After two or three hours, come in, and pound me on the back three times to bring me to life." The father of the boy followed his instructions to the letter. The medicine man roused himself slowly, and remarked: "I was really dead. I went across to the western side of the mountains, and found your boy playing with all the little dead boys, I called him back." The boy recovered consciousness and became quite well again.

This same medicine man did a queer thing. A Shoshone Indian had a large family, of which the youngest child, a girl, was very precocious. When only two or three months old, she could not only run around, but talk. The parents spoke to the medicine man about it. "That little girl is not a bit like other children," he said, "And do you know what is the matter with her? Why Ninimbeb (the little devil of the Shoshones, of which more later) has taken possession of her and made her body his dwelling place. She will bring no end of trouble on you and your family. You will all become sick and die. For your own sakes, there is only one thing you can do. Take the child off to the mountains and leave her there. When her body dies, Ninimbeb will come out of her.

The poor parents believed all this; so with sor-

rowful steps they started one day for the mountains with the little child. On the way they met a man who was part Mexican and part Indian, and stopped to talk to him. "Where are you going?" he inquired. Then they told him their story. He was furious, and swore in a terrible manner. "You will do no such cruel thing!" said he. "I will have the child baptized and make her one of my own family." The Mexican brought the child to Mr. Roberts for baptism, for he thought that ceremony would drive out the evil spirit, or Ninimbeb. Then, although he had several children, he ran the risk of taking her into his own home. The child lived to be about eight years old.

The Sage Hen or Hoo-ja, is the Spirit of Medicine, and Hoo-ja-nik-ar means Sage Hen or Sun Dance. Once upon a time an Indian, who was hunting, shot a sage hen. She did not move. He shot again; then a third time; but she stood stockstill. In a little while she turned around, looked at him reproachfully, and said: "Do you not know that it is impossible to kill me? I am the Spirit of Medicine. Henceforth you will be plagued with illnesses." The young Indian walked sorrowfully away.

Sage Hen was wandering about one day with her little ones, when Coyote suddenly appeared.

"Well, what are the names of all these little sage chickens?" he inquired.

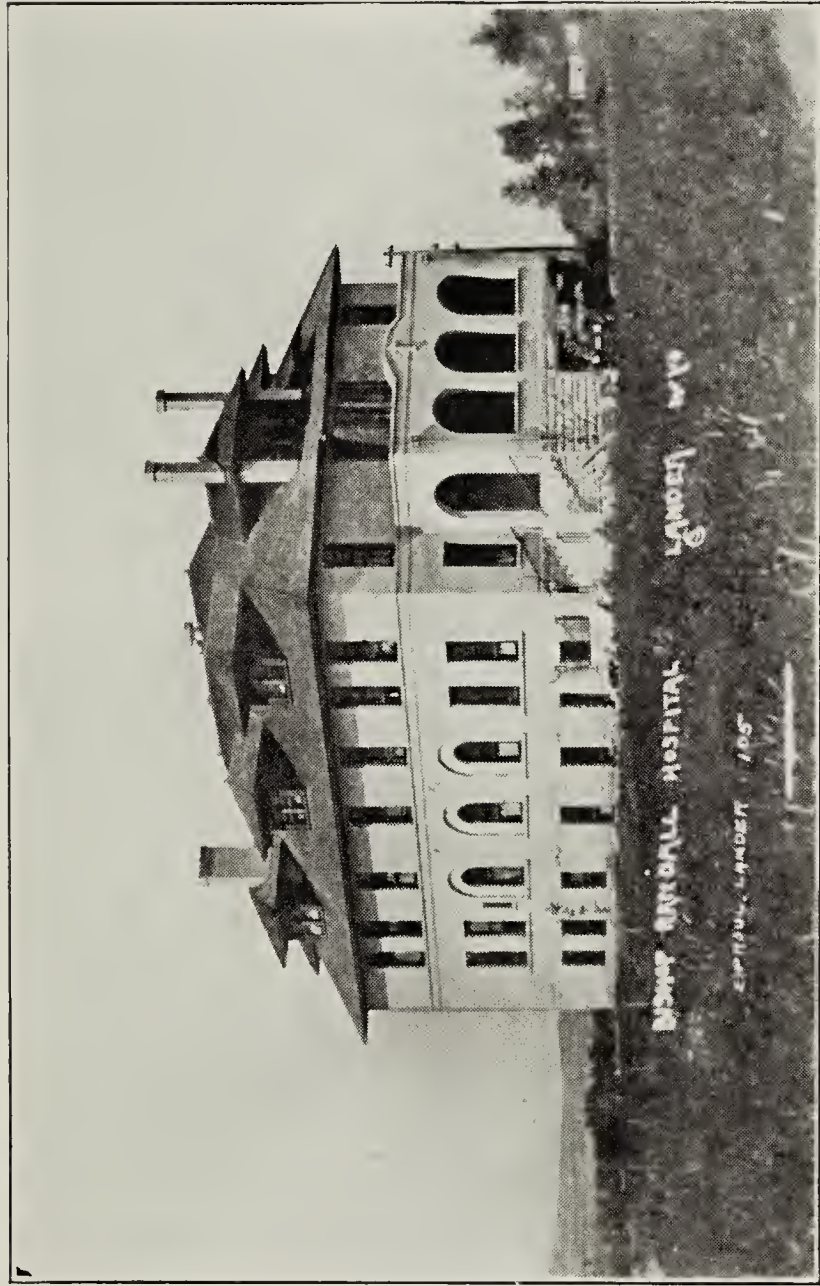
"Really, it is none of your business," replied the Sage Hen.

Then she and her brood ran at Coyote, throwing sand into his eyes and all over him; in fact they teased him until he could endure it no longer. Blinded with the sand he ran away, fell into the river, and was drowned.

The Shoshones have a great fear of the ground gopher, an animal which is very plentiful. They think it may give them the spotted fever; and say that if a malicious gopher meets one of them, it stops and stares at him, and, so, bewitches him. In a few days the Indian sickens and dies of the disease. It kills the gophers as well, hundreds dying from it in their colonies.

In the Bitter Root Valley, Montana, the spotted fever was so fatal a few years ago that the Board of Health in Washington sent scientists there to investigate the causes of the disease. They discovered that the breeding place of this fever was in the ground gopher; just as the germ of the pneumonia plague was in the Siberian marmot or in the rat. Sheepherders and others are inoculated with the fever through woodticks. These have already bitten the diseased gopher, and, in their turn, bite people who happen to be exposed to them in walking through the long grass. It was in this way that the Rev. Mr. Roberts caught the disease and was very ill for ten weeks.

The Shoshones, like all other tribes of Indians,



Photograph by Sproul, Lander, Wyo.

BISHOP RANDALL HOSPITAL, LANDER, WYO.

are peculiarly susceptible to consumption or the White Plague; also to eczema, scrofula, rheumatism, and trachoma; but on the whole, their physical condition is good, and is much improved under civilized living conditions, to what it was when the experiment was first tried. In the earlier days there was difficulty in keeping them alive; it was much like locking up a wild rabbit, as Mr. Roberts puts it. Among the school buildings is a small log house, sexagon in shape, but closely resembling a large wooden tipi, for it has an extremely sloping roof and the ends of poles protruding at the top. In former days there was a hole in the roof, the same as in the top of a tipi; and for the preservation of health, a camp fire was built in this log house. The little Indian boys and girls painted their faces and danced around the fire. They greatly enjoyed the sport, and it seemed to improve their health.

BURIALS

When a man was dead, he was painted and decorated by his male friends, the face being colored red. The squaws then wrapped the body in a new blanket, laid it on a bier, and carried it to the mountains or burying ground. His beadwork, blankets, and other belongings were put in the grave with him. The Shoshones used to be buried among the rocks, in a sitting position; and stones and brushwood were placed all over and around them. Sometimes the bodies were

thrown into deep canyons, over a sheer wall-like precipice perhaps a thousand feet high.

The favorite horses of those who died were always sacrificed. They were led, blindfolded, to the top of the cliff and hurled into the depths below. Until recently the horses of the dead were led to the cemetery, strangled or choked to death, then laid on the owner's grave. These horses knew instinctively that they were going to be killed and would squeal and neigh in a piteous manner. Mr. Roberts, in course of time, brought this brutal custom to an end.

Mrs. Lodge, a full-blood Shoshone woman, told me about her brother Edina, or Edward, who died some years ago. He owned a beautiful roan race horse. At the funeral this horse was painted yellow and vermillion and decorated with ribbons. After the ceremonies were over, they led him to the grave, and as they were throwing him, he gave a frightened, shrill, piercing scream; nevertheless, they tied him down and strangled him with a rope. Mrs. Lodge said the family did not want to lose such a fine animal; but when her brother, with his dying breath, whispered: "You will let me have my horse, won't you?" they felt obliged to make the sacrifice.

After a death in the family, the near relatives, both men and women, cut their hair short and gashed themselves with knives, sometimes cutting off the little finger at the first joint. This

mutilation of the finger was done to save the lives of their own children or relatives. The men went off to the mountains for days, or even weeks, to mourn their loss. The brother of the man that died generally appropriated the widow or widows, who became his wife or wives. The children also were looked upon as his own. Relationship among the Shoshones did not appear to be well-defined.

OTHER SUPERSTITIONS

The Shoshone Indians believed that the cries of the coyote when the moon was full, meant good luck. Although he is such an important animal among them, they do not mind killing one. When a child was joyous at the first thunder in the springtime, it was a sign that he would live to old age and have great honors conferred upon him.

These Indians are firm believers in ghosts, fairies, and little devils. One of their superstitions is in a personified bad luck or Ninimbeb. According to them, he is an evil being who follows a man on his trail through life, until he finally brings destruction upon him. Sometimes in the night a Shoshone, in terrible fear of this little creature, will get it into his head that Ninimbeb is after him; so, leaving his tent, he wanders off into the mountains, and, seeking out lonely places in crevices and canyons, endeavors to hide from the little devil. Then he sneaks back

with light tread so that Ninimbeb will not hear him.

The Shoshones have a vivid mental picture of Ninimbeb. He has a red nose and is short and stocky, moulded much after the figure of Santa Claus. He dresses in mountain sheepskins decorated with bright colors, and carries a quiver of invisible arrows with which he wounds his victims. If a Shoshone Indian is taken sick, or his horse goes lame, or his squaw develops a poor heart and runs away with another Indian, it is all the result of being smitten with an invisible arrow from the quiver of Ninimbeb, the Little Devil.

CHAPTER IV.

DANCES AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

THE Shoshones are naturally religious. Their ceremonies consist chiefly in dances, of which the animal sun-dance was the most important. Those who were to take part, from thirty to fifty in number, abstained from meat and drink for three or four days preceding the ceremony. In it they propitiated and offered thanks to the Great Spirit for any happiness or prosperity they enjoyed. They also made an appeal for these blessings to be continued and for others to be granted. The sun-dance is not held now, except perhaps for a few hours; being forbidden by the Government.

Besides the great animal sun dance, special dances were often given. It was usually called for by some member of the tribe who was said to have had a vision from the Great Spirit. A crier was sent out to proclaim to the people that it was time for them to go to the mountains to secure the center pole, as well as the evergreens, for building the tipi in which the dance was to take place.

Then the great pole was planted in a central position, and on it was fastened the head of a buffalo. Shorter poles were placed around it, and joined together, as well as to the center pole, with rafters. The entire sides and roof, except a part two or three feet wide towards the sun, were covered with brush or evergreens. Inside this great tipi were built small recesses or resting places to which the dancers could retire when exhausted.

The performers wore very little clothing. They formed part of a circle around the center pole and each dancer was provided with a whistle. This was made of the bone of a crane's leg, and decorated at one end with eagle's down. When it was time for the ceremony to begin, the dancers placed the whistles in their mouths; and throwing their heads back, looked towards the head of the buffalo on the top of the center pole. Then they danced forward and backward towards the pole, blowing their whistles continually.

The dance could begin at any hour of the day; but all formalities ended with the rising of the dog star. After it was over, those who took part drank plentifully of warm water, which caused vomiting, and enabled them to enjoy to the full the feast which followed.

Among the Arapahoes a number of dogs were killed, and their flesh was considered a great delicacy. The Shoshones called them "Dog

Eaters". They themselves did not touch dog flesh; and if they had no other meat, substituted vegetables. It was the custom, also, among the Shoshones to have the intervals during the dance filled by addresses from one or more of the chiefs, who proclaimed the great deeds and many victories of these Indians over their enemies. With the Shoshones, too, the dance was generally of a more lively character; but with both tribes its main purpose was to call down a blessing upon, and aid for, all the people.

THE THANKSGIVING DANCE

The Thanksgiving Dance used to take place about the end of September or the beginning of October each year. The whole tribe was brought together in some appointed locality, where a great hemlock or cedar tree was set in the ground for the occasion. The tribe, men, women, and children, in close order, formed a circle about this tree. They moved very slowly; some of them keeping time in a low monotonous chant

Na-va-an-doy-ab!

Na-va-an-doy-ab!

Send rain on the mountains!

Send rain on the mountains!

repeated a thousand times, in which they thanked the Great Father for his bounty and for its continuance. Then they asked him to look upon the mountains, the rivers, and the trees, and besought him to send rain upon them and

into the rivers. They also entreated him to bid the earth to cease swallowing their fathers, mothers, and children.

THE WOLF DANCE

The Wolf Dance was very formal, in fact, the highest social function held among these Indians, and used only on state occasions; no woman could participate. The dancers decked themselves in feathers and paint and wore bustles. The young men were especially gay in their decorations, and even powdered their hair. It was a round dance, in which performers hopped about like birds, to the accompaniment of drums and loud chanting. There were no words; it was all soul!

THE GHOST DANCE

In the autumn of 1890, the mountains about Wind River were thick with smoke; in fact every place in the neighborhood was filled with it, on account of the tremendous forest fires which burned and raged for days and weeks at a time. Mr. Roberts said that when the sun shone, it turned this smoke into a blood-red glow. When the moon rose, it, too, was a fiery red. The Indians out here were frightened; even their Chief, Washakie, of whom, later on, you will read a great deal, was troubled and afraid. Some of the leaders of the Shoshones held a big meeting. They declared that God, the Indian Messiah, the Deliverer, was actually among them. He

was to accomplish three essential things; the white people were, all at one time, to leave the Indian land; the dead Indians were to come to life again and repeople their old country; and the buffalo, the Indians' food, were to return in numbers as of old.

Washakie of the Shoshones, was a wise man and consulted with Mr. Roberts. The latter told the Chief that God was everywhere, if the people would only see Him and believe. The cry went forth, however, that the Messiah was come. As the message spread from tribe to tribe, the excitement was so great that a series of outbreaks was threatened among the Arapahoes, the Shoshones, the Sioux, and, in fact, among all the Indians on the Western Reservations. This terrible fear, nothing but a false alarm, was known throughout the United States as the "Messiah Craze". The date was fixed by prophets or messengers. Certain of them went all the way to the Pacific Ocean to meet Christ, for He was to appear from that direction. This great ceremony, held in expectation of His coming, was called by the Indians the Messiah Dance; by the white people, the Ghost Dance. Women as well as men participated. They formed two lines, the women dancing on one side, the men on the other. And to aid the coming of this Messiah, the Indians were to dance night and day till He appeared. It was not a war dance, then, but an invocation to the Messiah for aid, comfort, and

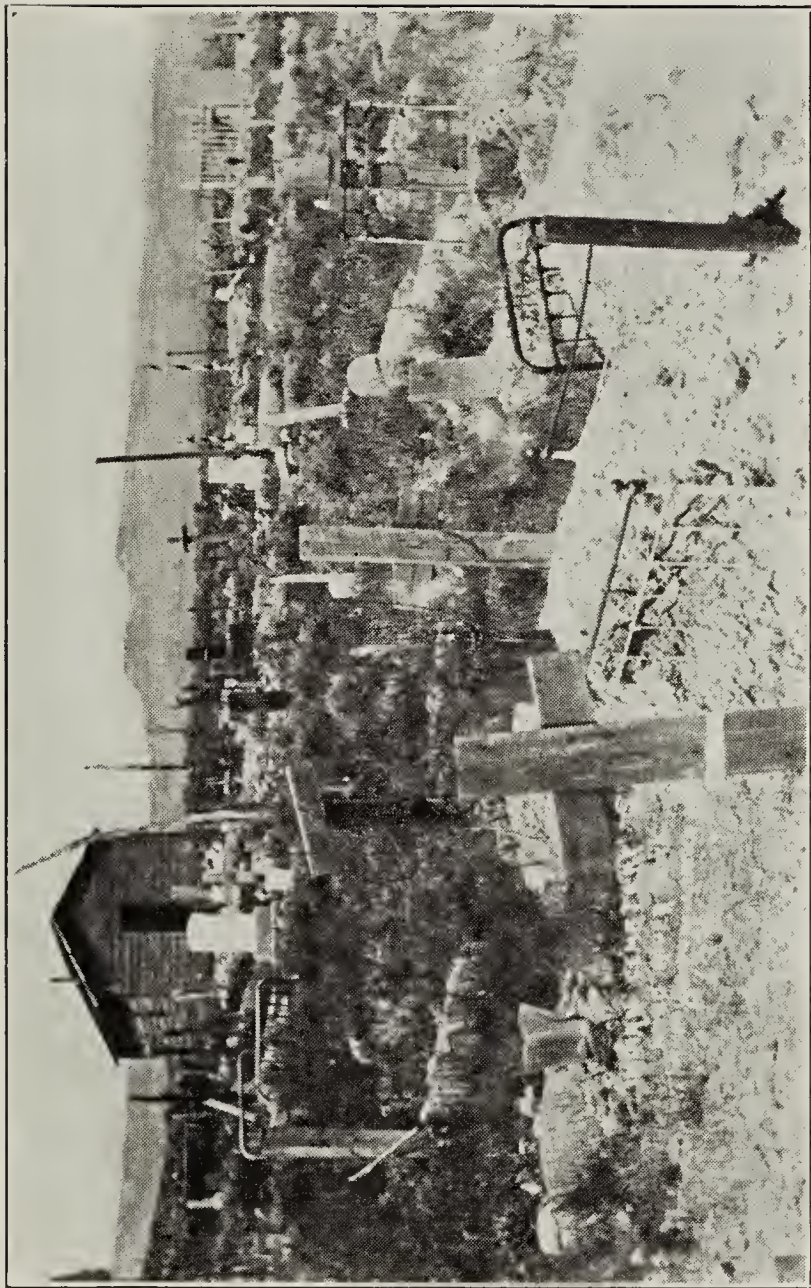
protection. The Indians continued for a long time to carry on this orgie, but without result. They finally consulted with the medicine men, and were told that they did not dance hard enough! An especially wise one also proclaimed that they must kill off all their dogs or else the spirits of the dead Indians would not return. They immediately set to work and slew their faithful animals, but, of course, all to no purpose. After a time the craze died out with the longings of the Indians unfulfilled.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

The Shoshones believe that the chickadee discovered the world; and it is always the harbinger of severe snow storms. To kill one is very bad luck.

The Creator of the world is Dam-ap-wa, or Our Father-God. God pulled out the upper teeth of the elk because the elk were meant to be eaten by the Indians, and not the Indians by the elk.

As the jackal is a sacred animal among the Hindus, so was the great Coyote considered the father of the Shoshones. He was shy, secretive, troublesome; and was named Bea-idg-apwa, or Great lies' father, or Father of lies. He is very important now, though they do not mind killing one. In the early days of the world, he was called to account for something by the Creator. Instead of answering respectfully, Coyote was insolent to him. He threw his voice, as a ventriloquist does, from one place



Photograph by Sproul. Lander, Wyo.

INDIAN CEMETERY, WIND RIVER, WYO.

to another. He continued being disrespectful, so our Father reproved him again. He told Big Coyote he would punish him for his insolence by causing all his descendants to be mortal. On hearing this, Great Coyote went yelping away.

The story of the Arapahoes about ancient times is somewhat different. They said that the whole world, except the topmost peak of a very high mountain, was covered by the waters of a great flood. On it sat the first Arapahoe, weeping. Looking up, he saw the Unknown One on High coming to him, and walking upon the face of the waters. "Why do you weep?" said he to the Arapahoe. "Because I am lonely," replied the man, "I have no country to live in." The Unknown One on High commanded the dove to go in search of a country for the Arapahoe, and he went away immediately. After awhile the dove returned and reported that the waters were over all things. Just then a turtle swam by. The Unknown One on High commanded the turtle to go in search of a country for the Arapahoe. The turtle at once dived down into the waters. After some time it returned with a lump of mud in its mouth, and reported that under the water could be found a country. The Unknown One on High then commanded the waters to roll away into the distant seas, and told the dry land to arise. Immediately, before the Arapahoe's view, a beautiful country appeared, with wooded mountains and green valleys and shining rivers. The Un-

known One on High turned to the Arapahoe and said: "This is your country; to you and your descendants I give it forever."

The Unknown One on High and the Arapahoe then went walking together among the trees, until they came to a deep lake beautifully shaded. Near it, they sat and conversed. During the conversation, the Unknown One on High picked up some pebbles and threw them into the lake. The Arapahoe, seeing them sink down into the depths, cried out in great distress. "O, must my children die? Can they not be like this?" And he threw a stick into the lake, which floated on the surface of the water. The Unknown One on High shook his head. "No," he replied, "they would be too numerous." Seeing the anxiety of the Arapahoe, he presented him with a pipe to comfort him, and said: "This sacred pipe I give to you. Guard it carefully. Your children gazing on this pipe when they die will go straight to our home. When this pipe, in time, wastes away, their bodies will rise from the grave. Fight bravely your enemies; be good to your friends. Very soon, I am going away; but I will make other tribes around you first. After that I will cross the ocean and make white men, a great many of them. Farewell."

According to the Arapahoes, this portion of the world—Wyoming—is the center of the earth. If it had not been for them there would have been no world. The earth was made especially

for them. They call themselves the children of God.

The Arapahoes are a Semitic people. Their religion is very similar to that of the Old Testament. They believed in the flood, also in sacrifices which they offered in high places on these Western hills. Like the Shoshones, they also looked for a deliverer or Saviour.

The word in Arapahoe for the Unknown One on High is He-ja-va-ne-athan, so the Saviour is the same word, only with He-an, His Son, added. Vedah-than-Vetan stands for Holy Spirit or Shade, with the same meaning as in the Iliad. Vetan means magic, something that has spiritual power; but the proper term in the Arapahoe for the Holy Ghost or Spirit is Vetan Nan-wan-than-woo.

The Arapahoe says in his Lord's Prayer: Thy chieftainship come on earth as it is in Hi-ya-in; or, Heaven and our home." Then he goes on to say: "Put our faults behind Thee, as we put, or throw away, the faults of others from us."

The Shoshones believe in the transmigration of souls, and practise suttee. Among them the spirit, or personality (moo-goo-wa) is supposed to be lodged between the eyes. When a Shoshone dies, his spirit or moo-goo-wa still exists in something on earth which is wandering about outside the Father's home (Dam-Apwa han-gan, our Father, His Abode, or Heaven), crying for pity until he is let in. (Their term for the Saviour

is Dam-Ap-wa Andwa, Our Father's Son.) In his Lord's Prayer, the Shoshone says: "Do not think meanly about, or entertain malicious thoughts of us, as we do not think meanly about, or entertain malicious thoughts of those who hurt us."

Besides Sacajawea, of whose heroism we have already learned, another outstanding Shoshone is the catechist Moo-yah-vo, who is now about sixty-five years of age. Being thoroughly trained by Mr. Roberts, he preaches orthodox Christian doctrine. Last Decoration Day he made an address in his own language, to the Indians assembled in the burying ground at Wind River. "You think", said he, "that a Pai-Ute Indian is coming who calls himself the Messiah. He says he can heal the sick and raise the dead. He is the same man who started the Messiah craze nearly thirty-five years ago. No Indian can raise the dead. Our Father's Son, only, can raise the dead: and He will, at the last Great Day, when He comes again to judge the world."

CHAPTER V.

THE CEMETERY AT WIND RIVER

ONE morning six of the Indian girls joined me in my walk, and we visited the Burying Ground. The sun was glorious, fairly dancing in the turquoise sky ; the mountains were purple and brown as they faded into the green and yellow of the fields. But how bare and bleak and chill was the cemetery ! It is a tract of several acres fenced in with strong cedar posts and twisted barb wire. The innumerable graves were piled high with light brown earth and stones. Poles hung with bunches of feathers marked the graves of two Indian Chiefs. Many of the graves were indicated by large weather-stained wooden crosses. Others were hemmed in completely with iron bedsteads or by wicket fences.

Just outside of one of these, and beyond the pale of her family, was the grave of a poor young woman a little over twenty, who was recently murdered. Some think that her husband committed the fatal deed, for the same night he shot and killed himself. The record of his dying by his own hand is engraven on the headstone. But a young man is now in jail suspected of the mur-

der of the woman. The three little children are cared for by the poor old grandmother.

Here was the grave of an Indian policeman who went off to the mountains recently never to return. Some say he lost his life in fighting fires; but it was evident, when his body was recovered four days afterwards, that he shot himself for some unknown reason.

This cemetery is especially interesting on account of being the resting place of Sacajawea; but only a slight slab marks her grave. She was buried by Mr. Roberts on April 9, 1884. While attending the funeral of one of Chief Washakie's grandsons, during the winter of 1906, Mr. Roberts heard a loud wailing, as is the Shoshone custom, for "they mourn with a very great and sore lamentation." He looked up and saw one of Sacajawea's grand-daughters standing over her grave, giving way to her grief in this manner.

And here, too, are buried Mrs. Maggie Richards and Mrs. Hall, her niece, two very fine women and pioneer white settlers. They lived in a log cabin and cooked for the soldiers at Fort Washakie. During the uprising of the enemies of the Shoshones they were brutally murdered in their home by a raiding band of Sioux Indians. Bishop Thomas, in his thoughtfulness, has this year erected a granite monument to their memory.

The children who accompanied me were most

valuable companions, owing to their interest and the amount of information they furnished. I learned from them that all the Shoshone tribe were related and connected, the latter many times over. Each one could point out either her father's stepson's aunt's grave, or that of her sister's daughter's son, or her grandfather's aunt's husband's nephew, or her uncle's widow's nephew's wife's son, or her great aunt's sister's cousin's brother's half-sister, or his mother's first husband's brother's second wife's son's daughter's child. This may sound foolish and exaggerated, but it is neither. I endeavored for a while to keep track of the relationships, but as they accumulated, they seemed to get a little beyond me. I was never at all keen at working out or unraveling such combinations, and was filled with astonishment upon finding how glibly these Shoshone girls could roll them off. I was proud of their capacity in this direction and pronounced them to have brains of a remarkable calibre.

On Decoration Day, the whole of the dreary cemetery, a tangle of rank grass and briers wherever they can gain a rooting, blossoms out into a flower garden. This holiday is the Easter, the gala day, of the Shoshones. Not a grave is neglected; and the crude, harsh aspect of it all is softened, for once during the year, into a thing of beauty—a veritable God's acre.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SHOSHONES

THE Shoshones are short and stocky, with dark complexion, large mouths, square jaws, prominent cheek bones, and heavy noses.

They are a simple people, very near to nature. They often start out on horseback for a long journey in the pouring rain, when there is no sign of the storm abating. Mr. Roberts said he once saw a large party of them start en route for Utah in a deluge of rain. (They can forecast the weather with great accuracy.) Ten minutes later the sun was shining. They are a happy-go-lucky people, more particularly the men, with no thought for the morrow, and will even take death with a laugh.

These Indians are easily offended, and years after suffering an injury or a slight, even a fancied one, will resent it in some way. If they do not trouble the actual offender himself, they will take vengeance on his horse or dog or on something that belongs to him.

Among the women, calm resignation is usually found, a stoical obedience to their condition of

servitude. This was evident when Captain Meriwether Lewis, with a few other white men, while making a little exploring detour on his great western journey, surprised the Shoshones as he came through the pass approaching their valley.* No cry nor sound passed the lips of the women; they sat with bowed heads, expecting death, and waiting for the fatal blow. Beside her great depth of feeling, and her almost wild demonstrativeness exhibited on several occasions, all this stoicism was evident in Sacajawea, too, in times of danger and distress.

When Mr. Roberts superintended the Agency School, he found that one of the boys was especially mischievous. He took great delight in shooting the little pigs about the place, and also went so far as to steal some money from the matron. One day it was reported to the Superintendent that the same little fellow had saturated a quantity of material with coal oil with the intention of setting fire to the school. Mr. Roberts naturally kept him in for some time under the guard of another boy detailed for that purpose and by whom he was marched to meals. The lad's father was in a fury, and came to the school with a rifle to shoot Mr. Roberts. The latter walked up to the irate Indian and said: "You are very angry. Go back home." Without a word he immediately left the building. The lad turned out well and is now a communicant of the Church.

*Journals, Vol. I, p. 387.

One of the girls in the same school, a fine, genuine, bouncing creature, was disobedient to the matron. The latter sent at once for the policeman to watch the children a half day from her seat. While he was at his post, the offender, who was not allowed to go out during recess, started for the door, but was intercepted by the temporary guard. This policeman was stout, could boast of six feet in height, and was heavily developed as to brawn and muscle. The culprit, being very angry at his interference, seized this objectionable (to her) individual around the waist, threw him down, and sat on him! When Mr. Roberts was walking through the hall a long time afterward, he found the policeman still prostrate, and the girl seated on his chest! He told her to get up without delay, and after some reproving, rebuking, and exhorting, bade her go home, for she was too unmanageable. Mr. Roberts said he admired this girl in spite of her forwardness and impulsiveness. She married at fifteen, and died very young, while on a visit to Montana. She left a baby daughter who grew up to be fine, handsome young woman, but only to succumb to tuberculosis.

It is evident, then, that above everything else, the Shoshones love their freedom. They do not like to be caught in the Church, or in any other way. Someone will say to one of them: "You are baptized?" "Yes." "You go to the Holy Communion?" "Yes." "Why, then, you belong

to the Church?" "No, I don't! I wander about free. I don't belong to anything. I am just a Shoshone!"

Ka-shoon-banah, I don't know; or ka-hinne shoon banah, He knows nothing, are typical phrases of the Shoshones. Sometimes if you ask one his name, he would be apt to reply: "I don't know; ask **them!**" It is characteristic of these Indians to inquire: "Where are you going?"

As far as the white people are concerned, the reputation of the Shoshones for morality is good; but there are several polygamists with two or three wives each. The squaw does not readily give up the former modes of living. She is determined to travel in the trodden paths as long as possible. The old people have little interest in the education of their children.

Many of the tribe are able to talk well when they can be induced to speak English, to which they all show a great aversion. Their pronunciation is excellent. They are fair pupils, for their general mental capacity is good. The little ones at first did not like school at all, and absented themselves whenever they had a chance.

When their school life is finished, they paint their faces and wear the blanket and act in the same way as the other members of their tribe. But the principal reason that so many of the Indians go back to their paint and blanket after they become civilized, is that they are almost compelled to do it. They remain on the prairies

and among the mountains; and when they fall in again with their relations and former friends, they feel obliged to resume their old customs or else be subjected to ridicule; and being a proud people, they are easily humiliated.

The Shoshones, in this beautiful land which they made their own, were blessed in having rich soil; but with it were the evils of early and late frosts, and locust plagues. Then their hereditary enemies, the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, and the Crows, were ever on the watch for them. They dared not wander over the plains, as they were wont, to hunt for buffalo, for fear of an attack from any or all of these tribes, and they had great difficulty in maintaining a foothold against them. These formidable enemies, and the locusts or grasshoppers which, year after year, destroyed their crops, kept them, which is not surprising, from making much progress towards civilization. Sometimes all they had to subsist upon for weeks were these grasshoppers which they caught and dried.

Still the Shoshones exhibit considerable progress in agriculture, especially considering the short time since they were in an absolute state of barbarism. The local Church schools and Government schools have taught them to farm well. Many of those who return from eastern schools are as unprepared to make a living as those who have never been educated; and they, too, generally have returned to their blanket and paint.

One reason for it was that they were taught trades. An Arapahoe came back to his tribe as a tailor. Of what use was a tailor among the blanketed Arapahoes? Another was a tinsmith. In their small, low houses of logs chinked with adobe, there is no occasion for tinsmithing. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and farming, are all they need. Sheep herders require no special training.

CHAPTER VII.

CHIEF WASHAKIE

THE friends of the Shoshone Indians are the Utes, the Comanches, and the Flatheads. With the last tribe they have intermarried. Washakie, their renowned chief, was in part a Flathead, on his father's side. His mother was a Shoshone.

Washakie, who was born in 1798 and died in 1900, was the chief of the eastern band of the Shoshones. He was one of the most intelligent of all the North American Chiefs, and the sworn friend of the white people. His name is derived from wus-sik-he, a raw-hide rattle. The army officers stationed at the Agency during his time were unable to pronounce this word correctly, the nearest they could come to it being Washakie. He rose to the chieftainship of his tribe through his natural qualities as a leader. He was always loyal to the Government, and, with his warriors, often rendered valuable aid to the United States troops in repelling the attacks of hostile tribes. Fort Washakie, the headquarters of the Government troops stationed on Wind River Reservation, in what was then Wyoming Territory, to quell the uprising of hostile tribes, was named in



Photograph by Sproul, Lander, Wyo.

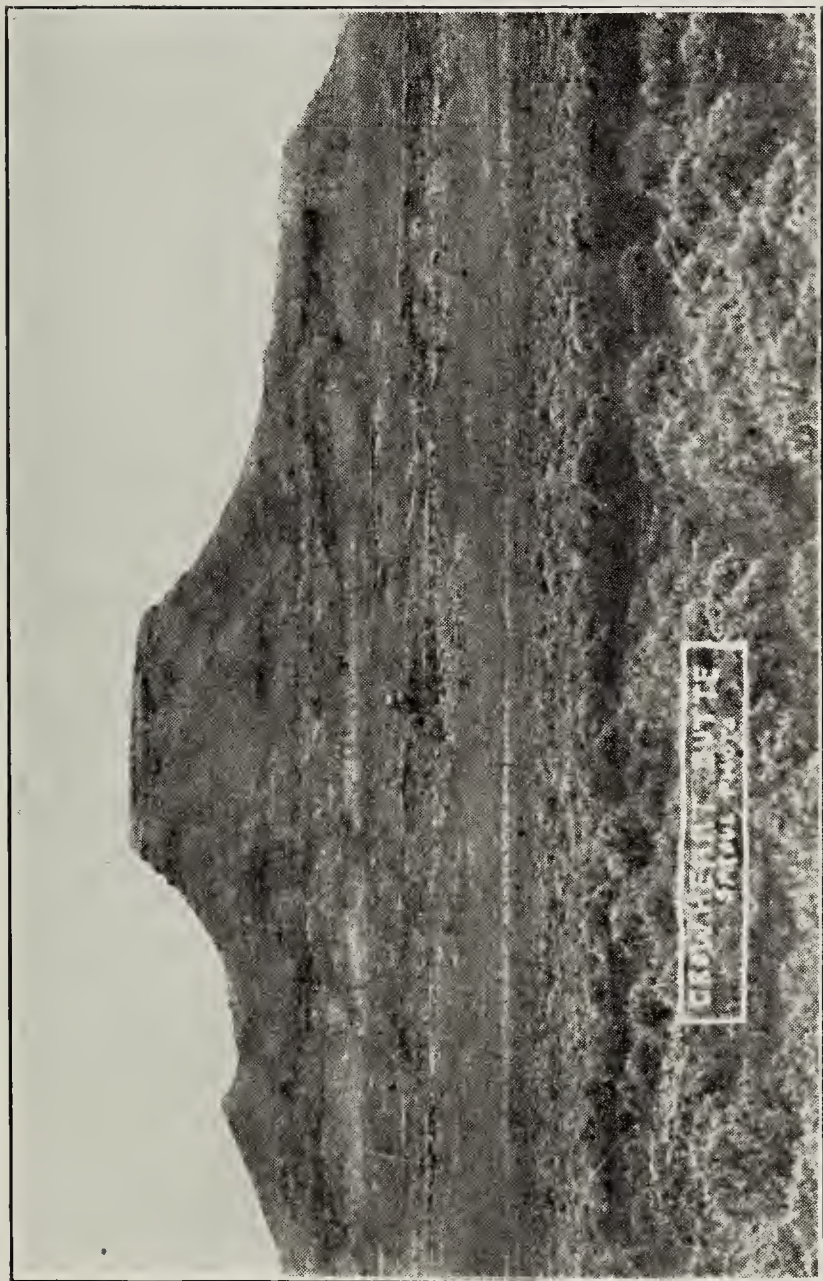
CHIEF WASHAKIE

honor of the Shoshone Chief; also the high peaks of the Rocky Mountains near the Agency, and the Sulphur Springs, a part of the Reservation. These springs are entirely under the jurisdiction of the Indian Department, and managed by Indians. Washakie was once asked if he wanted these Springs under the management of the War Department. "No," replied the Chief very decidedly. "They are for the poor as well as the rich, for the humble as well as the influential."

It was during the latter part of Washakie's chieftainship that the hereditary enemies of the Shoshones, the Sioux, the Comanches, and the Crows were wandering about in this region seeking whom they might devour. The garrison at the fort consisted of a troop of the First Cavalry and a company of the Seventh Infantry. The soldiers were busy protecting the interests of the Government and of the settlers attracted to the opening of a new country. Among these settlers, but rather involuntary ones, were two eastern women, a Mrs. Maggie Richards and her niece, Mrs. Hall, both of whom have been mentioned before. They were on their way across the Continent to join Mr. Richards in California, but became stranded in Wyoming Territory by the approaching winter and lack of facilities for their further transportation. Being very adaptable they made themselves at home in a log cabin, and cooked for the soldiers. A raiding band of Sioux were camping in the neighborhood and bent on

mischievous. One morning a party of them mounted their horses, but in a peculiar manner, as was sometimes their wont. With their arms around the necks of the animals, and their toes clinging to the horses' backs, such a troop of cavalry in a rapid approach on a house or village presented the appearance of a herd of riderless horses on a gallop. In this manner did the Indians draw near and surround the cabin of the two unprotected women. With wild war-whoops they rushed upon it. The cabin had no windows, only a door. This was soon demolished, and the enemy poured in. The younger woman, paralyzed with terror at the blood curdling sounds and the horror of the invasion, crouched in a corner and died. Mrs. Richards, when she realized what it meant, seized a weapon and went forward bravely to meet the foe. She was shot through and through with bullets and arrows, and hacked with a tomahawk. A suitable and substantial monument now marks their place of burial in the Indian cemetery near the Shoshone School, with the following inscription on an inserted brass tablet:

Sacred to the Memory of
Mrs. Maggie Richards
and
Mrs. Hall.
Pioneer White Settlers,
Killed July 23rd, A.D. 1873.
By a Raiding Band of Hostile Sioux Indians,
In Their Ranch House on the Site of
The Present City of Lander.
This memorial is placed here by
Bishop Thomas of Wyoming and
Other Friends, A.D. 1922.



Photograph by Sproul, Lander, Wyo.

CROWHEART BUTTE, SHOSHONE RESERVATION
(Where Chief Washakie killed the Crow chief in battle and
afterward ate his heart.)

It is said that Washakie and his men had a fierce battle with invading Crow Indians on a hill on the Wind River Reservation, which has ever since been called Crow Butte. Here he killed the chief of the Crows, cut out his heart, ate part of it, and skewered the other portion on the end of a pole which he stuck in the ground. The Crows are said to have had fortifications around their camping places; and it is reported of Washakie that as he was looking through an aperture in one of these fortifications, an arrow came through and struck him on the face. The mark always remained; and he was afterward called by the enemy the Snake Chief with the scar on his face.

During these troublous times on the Reservation, Mr. Roberts well remembers the narrow escape of an Indian boy, who is now Canon Sherman Coolidge, of St. John's Cathedral, Denver. His father was an Arapahoe named Vashait, or Big Heart. Big Heart was living in the camp of his own people, but rashly moved his tent one night to a place by itself. He was killed by an unknown enemy. The Indian name of his boy was He-des-tu-ah, which means Over-the-Top, or Surface. When he was nine years old, he, with other Arapahoes, was captured by the Shoshones. They wanted to kill him. They said: "He is big enough; he has a scalp lock; shoot him!" Lieutenant Larabie, afterwards General Larabie, suddenly appeared on the scene. He prevented the Shoshones from killing the boy,

and carried him away to a place of safety. He was adopted by a Captain Coolidge and educated at Shattuck School, Faribault. Captain Coolidge, while talking one day with young Sherman, told him that his ancestors came over in the **Mayflower**. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the Indian; "mine were on the reception committee!"

A woman in the East once asked Sherman Coolidge whether the Indians to whom he belonged were cultured or well read. "My people!" replied he, "Why, they are the best **red** men in the world!"

Long years after he left the Reservation, Mr. Coolidge returned to visit his mother. She had not seen him since he was a little boy. She was lame and nearly blind, but seemed to know intuitively that he was somewhere near. She put up her hand to shade her eyes, and saw him approaching. He was then in clerical clothes, but she recognized him as her son and rushed into his arms.

There were long days, too, when the life of Mr. Roberts was threatened. In 1890, when parts of the Wind River Reservation were thrown open for sale to white men, some of the Indians resented it, and laid in wait for him on his return from officiating at a country funeral. His knowledge of their ways caused him intuitively to take another route home, and by so doing he escaped being murdered. Like the

Wise Men of old, he returned to his own country another way.

He said that he and others would look out of their doors of a morning, fully expecting to see a band of Indians coming to kill them.

Mr. Roberts was a personal friend of Chief Washakie, and had many visits and conversations with him. He recalls the Chief as an intelligent, honest man, with a good command of English, which language he generally refused to speak as he felt conscious of too many errors in his attempts. It was through Mr. Roberts that Washakie gave one hundred and sixty acres of farm land to the school.

But he inherited the traits of his ancestors on both sides; the murderous tendencies of the Arapahoes and the impulsiveness, impatience, and resentfulness of the Shoshones.

One morning he went off early, and when he returned at evening time he found that his wife had removed her tent. Washakie was furious. "Don't you know how fatal it is to separate tents these days?" said he. "Why, there is an enemy lurking behind every tree and bush and rock. On no account do it again." "My mother persuaded me to move the tent," replied the woman, "she said I would be in a safer place."

The next day he was gone again. When he came back he discovered that his wife had removed her tent a second time. Without hesitation Washakie picked up a rifle, rushed over to

the tent of his mother-in-law, and shot her dead! This act never seemed to trouble him in the least.

In my former book, **The People of Tipi Sapa**, nearly two chapters are devoted to mothers-in-law, dwelling upon the respect and deference paid this class of people by the Sioux or Dakotahs.

Washakie, even at that time, was a communicant of the Church. Like most of the Indians, especially the Shoshones, and like innumerable white people, he did not always succeed in carrying his religion into his daily life. It was quite a separate thing. Washakie was merely a type of the Sunday Christian, but in his case deserving of great leniency not only on account of his origin but the constant state of fretfulness and irritation in which he lived, caused by the harrasing enemies of his people. He was eager to progress, but was obliged, as well, to battle the undercurrent created by an influential Indian, the counterpart of the man who sent a party to kill Bishop Hannington, the African hero. This disturber of the peace opposed Washakie, the Government, the missions, and everything that tended to good, but was always clever enough not to be caught.

Chief Washakie responded to the Government whenever he could, with auxiliary troops, and often gathered together two or three hundred

men to assist the authorities in waging war on hostile tribes.

President Grant held Washakie in high esteem; and as a token of his regard, sent him, with his compliments, a handsome saddle, beautifully mounted. One, Dr. Irwin was commissioned to present the saddle to Washakie. On receiving it, the Chief never uttered a word.

"Well, Washakie," queried Dr. Irwin, after a long silence, "have you nothing to say? I must write to the President."

Washakie walked to the window and looked over the prairies for some time. Then he turned around and replied: "When a favor is shown to a Frenchman, he feels it in his head, and his tongue speaks. When a kindness is shown to an Indian, he feels it in his heart; and the heart has no tongue."

"That is just the reply I want for President Grant," said Dr. Irwin; "something out of the ordinary."

Washakie was once asked if he approved of his people marrying the whites, to which he replied very abruptly in the negative. When urged for a reason to his objection, the Chief answered: "No good white man would marry an Indian; and we do not want any others."

Once upon a time, when this Chief of the Shoshones was very ill, his spirit wandered away off, to the land beyond the setting sun. It was a beautiful land, the abode of our Father, with no

lack of anything that was good. But suddenly a great longing seized him to return to his people. There were no means by which he could do this; and he was in great distress. After a little while, to his relief and delight, he saw one of the large pictures, a colored print given him by Mr. Roberts, which he had fastened on the wall of his home, being wafted towards him. When the picture reached the troubled Chief, it lifted him up and floated him safely home again. He found himself in bed in his cabin with his people standing all around him. When told that he was delirious and imagined all this, he strongly asserted it was a fact that the picture had brought him straight home from the far-off land to which he wandered.

The Shoshones believed the old man, for they always trusted his word. As a result, for many years, and even to this day, there is a demand among his people for these large, colored, Sunday school pictures. And one thing always is insisted upon concerning the pictures. To be of any value no matter what the scenes represent, they must contain the figure of Christ; or, as they say, the picture of Our-Father-His Son.

Some years before he died, Washakie became very ill. One of the Government officials went to see him and asked him where he would like to be buried. The old Chief was both hurt and offended. "I am going to get well," he replied. "I want to see these children grow up around

me." He recovered completely and lived four years longer.

In his last days he wrote a letter to the white people; and the messenger to whom he dictated this epistle prefaced it by the following remarks:

"So many of our soldiers have heard about Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones in Wyoming Territory, that they will be glad to read the letter he has sent them.

"Washakie does not know his age, but thinks that he is about eighty years old. His hair is white, but his step is firm, and he is as erect as ever. His personal bravery is noted by both whites and Indians, and his tribe have the greatest love for him. He is a good man, and he rose to the chieftainship through his natural qualities as a leader. He has always been loyal to the Government, and with his warriors has often rendered valuable aid to the United States troops in repelling the attacks of hostile tribes."

THE CHIEF'S LETTER

"Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones,

"To all white people hearty greeting.

"My true friends the whites:

"I shake hands with you from afar.

"I should like to see you, but I have never left my hunting grounds, and never shall.

"I live here among my people alone. All my old warriors are gone. I alone am left. I am old; my hair is white; I cannot live long. I do not know which of my sons will be chief after me. The young people are growing up around me. One thing I tell them and tell them: 'The whites are your true friends. Be true to them.' Not long ago the Indians from all sides came down on my tribe to rob and to kill. I asked the 'Great Father' at Washington to give me fifty rifles. He

gave them to me. With them I armed my bravest warriors, and with the soldiers we drove back our enemies, many in number, on all sides. They were the Great Father's enemies, too. And now we have peace. The Indians who used to fight and kill my people now come to see me, all of them. I give them a welcome, and they return home in friendship. I am glad that mine eyes have seen this before I die. We are all friends now.

"One thing more I want to see, and my heart will be at peace. I want to see the school and church built for my tribe by the 'White Robes' (the Episcopal Clergy).

"My heart goes out to you, my friends, I shake hands with you again."

One bright Sunday morning, after service at the Government school, Mr. Roberts took me in his surrey to the cemetery near the Agency where Chief Washakie is buried. His grave is marked by a massive monument of light colored granite with four polished surfaces, each one bearing an inscription:

1. Washakie, 1804-1900.
2. Chief of the Shoshones.
3. A Wise Ruler.
4. Always loyal to the Government and to His White Brothers.

The date of Washakie's birth on this monument should be 1798 instead of 1804.

May he rest in peace!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REV. JOHN ROBERTS

IT was during the autumn evenings on my visit to the Shoshone Indian School that Mr. Roberts told me not only the things I have already related, but other facts concerning his own life.

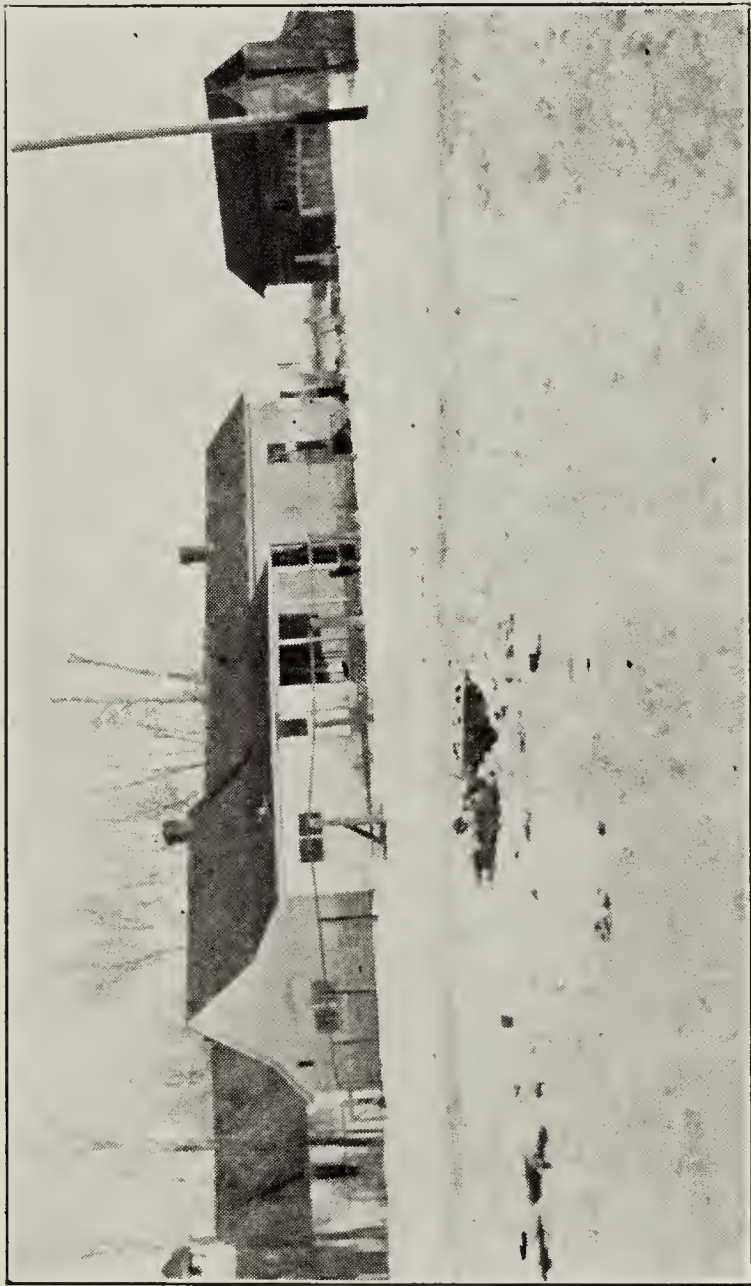
He was born in Wales, baptized in his home parish, and ordained to the ministry in Lichfield Cathedral by Bishop Selwyn.

Mr. Roberts came from Southern Colorado to the Shoshone Indian Reservation in 1883, arriving at Green River, Wyoming, in the midst of one of the coldest winters in the history of the state. The Government weather bureau for this part of the country was at Fort Washakie, and the official record was 60 degrees below zero. He was sent by the Rt. Rev. J. F. Spalding, then Bishop of Colorado and Wyoming, to establish a mission of the Church, among the Shoshones and the Arapahoes. The route by which he was obliged to make the journey traversed the Wind River Mountains or a part of the main range of the Rockies. It required eight days to make the trip from Green River to Lander and thence to

Fort Washakie, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The conveyances were wagons or improvised sleighs hauled by horses, which had great trouble in dealing with the heavy drifts and enduring the bitter weather.

On reaching Green River, Mr. Roberts found that the stage line was eliminated for the time being by a devastating storm in the mountains, a heavy fall of snow, and the unprecedented low temperature already mentioned. The stage agent informed him it would be impossible to reach the Reservation for some time; but he had that day, made arrangements to forward the mail as far as was practicable. This was in accordance with the requirements of the United States Government, which exacted a heavy penalty from the stage line contractors if the mails were detained. If Mr. Roberts so desired he could accompany the mail, but he must undertake such a journey entirely at his own risk and responsibility.

He was quite determined to go forward with the business upon which he was sent. In starting, he found a wagon body on runners, with the driver wrapped in blankets and a shawl about his head. His appearance caused Mr. Roberts to think that he himself ought to take special precautions against the severity of the weather. So he returned to the office and put on an extra suit of underclothing. Then the journey began. The driver, an experienced plainsman,



BUILDINGS OF CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, WIND RIVER, WYO.
[The church is at the left of the picture.]

plunged his horses into the deep snow of the prairies as there was no semblance of a road. At the end of fifteen miles of this bitter traveling, a way station of the company, named Alkali, was reached. There they changed horses; and with a fresh driver as well, made by nightfall another fifteen miles.

The next morning they continued their travels in the face of a blinding snow storm, and soon began to climb the foothills of the Rockies. After plunging about for seventeen miles they reached a place called Starvation. And most appropriately named it was; for not only did it lack food and water, but fuel as well. The horse-tender who existed there was obliged to burn sagebrush for melting some snow in order to furnish drink for the horses; as the alkali spring was frozen *en masse*. He was somewhat of a wag, and perhaps a little on the order of Mark Tapley; for above the door of his cabin hung a board with the inscription: "God Bless Our Home!"

Without food, the travellers and their horses forged ahead on their terrible way. As they drove further into the mountains the snow became deeper and deeper, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could discern and keep to the road. The cold was so intense Mr. Roberts thought he would surely freeze solid. Over his rubbers he wrapped heavy grain sacks, so as to prevent his feet from being frost bit-

ten. That night, of the second day, they managed to arrive at a station called Big Sandy. It was occupied by an estimable family, who gave them a warm welcome, for theirs was the first team to reach them through the snow. After a good supper and a pleasant evening spent in the warm kitchen, Mr. Roberts was shown to his room. There was a roaring wood fire in the stove. He noticed that the walls and ceiling of the apartment were lined with unbleached muslin, and had the appearance of being heavily padded, especially the ceiling. He was advised to jump into bed as quickly as possible and let the fire go out. He soon realized the wisdom in this advice, for the snow—and it was that which formed the padding of the muslin lining of the apartment—began to melt with the heat! The fire having burned out, the cold very quickly asserted itself. Everything froze as hard as iron, and the snow out-of-doors, which was very fine, blew into all the available cracks and crevices.

The next morning, it was impossible to proceed on the journey, so the day was spent at the station. Their good landlady asked Mr. Roberts and the stage driver if they would be good enough to visit for her the camp of an old trapper, a veteran of the Civil War. She feared he might be frozen to death. They immediately set out, and walked over the hill on the solid snow, a distance of some miles, to the trapper's home. They found a man about sixty years old, hale

and hearty, and apparently very comfortable, in his tent. When they told him they expected to find him frozen to death, he quietly shook his head. "No," he replied, "I am too old a trapper to freeze to death. When it's very cold, I slide under them kivers"—pointing to a heap of quilts and blankets—"and stay there!" Their landlady was much relieved after hearing the favorable report of their visit.

Next morning, with a dry goods box nailed on a bob sleigh, and four stout horses, Mr. Roberts and the driver continued their climb up the mountains and ploughed through the snow for fifteen miles until they came to another way station. Here they found a jovial keeper who took great pride in his horses, and occupied a room in the stable. This station was in the midst of the most trying part of the journey for the horses, owing to the rough and steep roads; and an effort was made to retain the fine old keeper there by giving him extra pay as a reward for his good care of the animals.

After being furnished with four fresh horses, they reached in the evening a station called Dry Sandy, occupied by a stage-tender and his wife. There they found a young woman passenger fatally frost-bitten. The driver with whom she had travelled was frozen to death; and they buried him in the snow. Mr. Roberts remained up all night trying to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate young woman; and spent the next

evening (Sunday) in chopping wood in order that the cabin should be as well heated as possible.

The next day, he and the driver again set out to brave the elements. In many places the road was impassable on account of the drifts; so they travelled along ridges from which the wind had blown off the snow. This driving on the dangerous edge of things was rather exciting, as they were tipped over several times; but they always gathered themselves and their horses together and went on their way, even if too congealed to rejoice. Neither was it altogether cheerful to find, a few miles further along, another stage driver frozen to death.

In the face of all difficulties and disheartening episodes, they held to their course and steered right onward. Soon they began the descent of the eastern slope of the mountains, stopping, as usual, at the way stations, and were told of another passenger just preceding them who had succumbed to the cold. Mr. Roberts and his driver burrowed far into the snow, but could not find the body. The superintendent of the line was also lost sight of for a time. He was afterwards picked up and recovered from his sickening experience, but not without losing his hands and feet. Another driver was equally unfortunate.

One black, piercing night, as they drove along the ridge of a hill overlooking the valley, Mr.

Roberts began to realize that he had reached the last stage of this hard, bitter journey. Directly before them, as they made their descent in a darkness that could be felt, were hundreds of tepees glowing like great Chinese lanterns. The illumination was caused by sagebrush fires burning in the center of each tepee. It was a veritable feast of lanterns. As they drove into camp, their arrival was heralded by the barking and yelping of a host of Indian dogs; in fact the whole valley reëchoed with the uproar made by these animals. So, after a journey of eight days, they had actually reached what was then called the Shoshone and Bannock Agency. It was on a Friday evening, when the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians from all over the Wind River Reservation were wont to camp near the Government agency in order to be on hand for their rations. Some of them had travelled more than thirty miles. Their tepees were pitched on the frozen ground, or on the ice coated snow, by the women, who also gathered sage brush for fuel, where they could extricate it. Every Saturday there was distributed to each family five pounds of flour and ten pounds of beef; besides bacon, coffee, tea, sugar, beans, dried fruit, baking powder, and tobacco.

Mr. Roberts indeed experienced the perils of the wilderness, and hunger and thirst and weariness and painfulness, owing to being unprepared for the cruelty of the climate, all of which

he endured with the heroism of the saints of old.

Besides those things that were without, there came daily upon Mr. Roberts, in his new field, the care of all the churches. For some time he was in charge of the entire work among Arapahoes, Shoshones, and white settlers, within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. This included Fort Washakie, Wind River, Milford, Lander, Hudson, Riverton, Shoshone, Thermopolis, and Dubois.

He established the Government school, and lived there four years. In December, 1884, nearly two years after his first perilous journey, Mr. Roberts made the same trip over the mountains to and from the railroad. This time it was to meet a little girl from the West Indies, with whom he had become acquainted when visiting in those Islands. The bride-to-be, enveloped in a buffalo coat and wrapped in a buffalo robe, thought the journey was great fun. When they reached Fort Washakie, the thermometer registered 35 degrees below zero. They were married on Christmas Day, 1884.

The winters of the early eighties seemed to be unusually severe. It was at this time that Mr. Roberts went to Lander for evening services. While visiting in one of the houses there, he found a man with his foot severely frost-bitten. He told Mr. Roberts that he was going to have it amputated that evening by a certain so-called doctor or surgeon. An hour or so later, at a

boarding house where Mr. Roberts went for supper, he heard this same doctor elaborating to a very interested group of boarders, as to the manner in which he intended to cut off the man's foot. From what he gathered of the doctor's talk, or harangue, he mistrusted his ability to perform the operation successfully. After service that evening, Mr. Roberts went again to see the frost-bitten stranger and advised him to have the army surgeon at Fort Washakie, present, to assist at the operation. The man did not consider that necessary; whereupon Mr. Roberts told him that he would not return to his home on the Indian Reservation that evening until the operation was performed. He waited for some little time, then inquired of an attendant of the sick man how things were progressing; and was told that the bleeding could not be stopped. He then summoned the so-called surgeon, and told him that he would have him indicted for manslaughter unless he sent at once for the Army surgeon at Fort Washakie, a distance of sixteen miles. It was in the dead of winter, with deep snow on the ground. The ice on the creek between Lander and the Fort was probably about three inches thick. "How can I get word to him?" said the doctor, rather alarmed. "I will go after him and bring him here," replied Mr. Roberts. He immediately went to the livery stable and aroused the keeper, asking him for a team to drive to Fort Washakie. "I have noth-

ing but a pair of wild, young western broncos," the man replied, "and they are scared of Indians. You know some broncos are as much scared of Indians as of a bear." Mr. Roberts felt sure there would be no Indians abroad on such a cold night, and that broncos were good travellers. So he started out with them, covering the ground at a rapid rate. After he had travelled about ten miles of the distance, owing to the deep snow and the darkness he lost his way. The cold was intense. Mr. Roberts continued across the prairie, being guided there by the lights of the Fort. All of a sudden his spanking little team pulled up on the bank of Trout Creek—a stream running through the valley about two miles from Fort Washakie. There was no time to hunt for a bridge; that poor, suffering man in Lander was bleeding to death. Mr. Roberts had a good whip in his hands and severe bits in the horses' mouths. With all his strength he applied the whip to their backs. The broncos reared high in the air, then made a desperate plunge down the bank into the creek. The ice being only three inches thick, they broke through with a crash that reëchoed up and down the valley that still night, but they ploughed around in the broken ice and water until, with steady guidance and considerable urging, they brought up on the other bank of the creek, and in a few moments were in front of the Fort. Mr. Roberts, with great expedition, secured the Army

surgeon, and returned with him post haste to Lander, this time by the bridge over the creek. They arrived just in time to save the man's life. The Army surgeon prosecuted the fake-doctor, who soon fled the country.

One morning, Mr. Roberts set out on a journey, driving a spirited pony to a single buggy. He crossed over a creek on a bridge that spanned a high gulch. When he returned late in the afternoon it was raining heavily; in fact, there had been a cloud-burst near the bridge, and the gulch was filled with a torrent of muddy waves. The water-course was a narrow one, a little over twenty feet in width. Mr. Roberts thought the water was probably covering the bridge to a depth of a foot or eighteen inches; but the bridge was not in sight. It was raining too hard for him to get down from his buggy and investigate. He took it for granted, however, that the bridge was still there, although his pony, really an Indian buffalo horse, refused to step on it. This time, too, he was armed with a good whip and made use of it. The little animal reared high in air, but instead of alighting on the bridge he disappeared into the torrent of muddy water! The bridge was gone. He swam with energy and all the speed he could muster, and after battling bravely with the force and rush of the stream, drew the buggy, with Mr. Roberts calmly seated in it, safely up the opposite bank. No damage was done excepting a broken king bolt and a

muddy soaking. He was a tough little horse, this swimmer, and vicious too. He would bite at anything that came his way, and often reared up and struck at his master. He died on the School Farm, at the age of thirty-three.

Mr. Roberts once owned a horse which was at home on the prairies and would never seek the shelter of a stable. He possessed only one great drawback. When being driven to a buggy, if by any chance a storm came up, he would turn his back to it, and could not be made to budge. This at times, especially if the storm occurred and the horse stampeded several miles from any place of refuge, caused the driver and other occupants of the vehicle considerable inconvenience and discomfort. He now owns a spirited team, one of the horses being twenty-five and the other twenty-eight years old. These, and the other School horses as well, live in the pasture all the year around. Whenever they are wanted for driving or riding they must be caught each time. His daughters catch and harness or saddle them, according as they are to be employed for driving or riding.

Mr. Roberts related some interesting experiences, also, of the people he had met in different parts of his jurisdiction. During a bitter cold spell, while he was in Milford, holding a service, one of his feet became dreadfully frost bitten. A man whom he knew in the village, on hearing of it, came out from a saloon and gave him a

glass of wine, which he drank with enjoyment. A rabid prohibitionist saw him take the liquor, and on meeting him afterwards, said: "No wonder your foot was frozen." "Both of them would have been if I had not drunk the wine," replied Mr. Roberts.

One evening, when he was returning from a service in Lander, he was "held up". As he was fastening his overcoat, the Mexican pony on which he was riding came to a full stop. Then two young men planted their guns on his (Mr. Roberts') chest. He made a grab for their weapons. One of the fellows went through his pockets and got a dollar and twenty-five cents for his trouble. If Mr. Roberts had been armed himself, he would have been killed. Both the thieves were desperate characters. The man who did the stealing came from Texas and was living on a ranch of his own near Rawlins, Wyoming. He told the people in his neighborhood that he had "held up" the minister. While living in Texas later he committed a murder. As he was starting for his Wyoming ranch with a herd of cattle, he was pursued by the sheriff and his posse. He fought them desperately and drove them back. On his return to Texas he was shot and killed at sight by the sheriff.

Living in Lander at this time was a young fellow from Philadelphia. His mother, being greatly distressed about her boy, wrote to Mr. Roberts to "keep an eye on him." Mr. Roberts

made inquiries at the man's lodging. The landlord stated that he was often out all night, and that he owned a silver mounted gun; but when he looked for this weapon in the young man's room, he could not find it. Mr. Roberts then felt convinced, when he was attacked, that it was the work of the young Philadelphian and a desperado companion. In grabbing for their guns he thought he might secure the silver mounted one, thereby having full proof. Then right on the spot he told him to stop that kind of thing, or he would get into trouble. "Both of you promise me!" said Mr. Roberts, and one of them did. He thought he met the same fellow a few weeks afterward, but it was the ruffian from Texas. Mr. Roberts said that not only on that evening, but long afterwards, he felt sure it was the young man from Philadelphia. Since that time, he told me, he has been very careful never to accuse anyone without good proof. He never could trace the Eastern boy; neither was the other desperado heard of again.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME SHOSHONES

THE Shoshone Indians have a sense of humor all their own. O-wah-ta, their second chief, lieutenant of Washakie's and his firm friend, had a narrow escape while hunting in the mountains. He was riding calmly along the trail, when he heard a soft scuffling; and on looking around saw a huge female grizzly bear making towards him. O-wah-ta said he put spurs to his horse and galloped for dear life. Now this bear was the proud mother of three cubs, which persisted in running after her. She would almost reach the Indian and be ready to spring upon him, but by that time the little ones had caught up with her. Then she would turn around, give each of them a sound slap, and roll them over in the dust. This happened three times; and that was how O-wah-ta escaped. The last time he looked back, he saw that the grizzly had given up the chase and was licking and fondling her cubs as though deeply repentant for having been rough with them.

"Where was your gun?" inquired one of O-wah-ta's friends. "Oh, I had it with me," he replied; "but I forgot all about it!"

Mr. Roberts was talking one evening about a friend of his named Pansi-Tangi. He was short of stature and small of frame. Now this Indian owned a big white horse which took it into his head to run away. After a diligent search Pansi-Tangi discovered his trail. It led on to a log which crossed a stream. The horse had evidently walked over on the log, for the trail soon ceased. "I looked for that old beast day in and day out," said Pansi-Tangi. "One morning I went over to a lot to gather some wood. There was an empty tipi nearby; and poking his head out of the flap was my white horse!"

Pansi-Tangi tells the story that he was off in the mountains one time and shot a woodchuck. He hung it on the horn of his saddle, then continued his hunting. Before he started, thinking his old horse must be hungry, he unsaddled him and let him run. When he returned with the second woodchuck, the horse was on hand, but the saddle was gone. The woodchuck had run away with it!

The Shoshones all laugh heartily at these little tales.

He was a good man, this Pansi-Tangi. Once upon a time he went far away to the west of the Rocky Mountains, and camped alone. He picketed his horse, and rolled himself in his blanket for the night. While he slept, he said, he heard good things.

"From whom did you hear them?" asked Mr. Roberts.

"Why, I heard a voice cry: 'Pansi-Tangi, Pansi-Tangi, Pansi-Tangi! Live a good life, or a godly, righteous, and sober life'." Literally, "Let your conversation be good or your demeanour (tant-e-me-ah) good; then you will find the entrance to our Father's home close at hand; then when you come to die, you will not have to go hunting far and wide for the entrance to our Father's home. It will be very near." "Those," said Pansi-Tangi, "are the good things I heard on the other side of the mountains."

"You are quite right," replied Mr. Roberts.

Pansi-Tangi died a year or two after this expedition.

A Shoshone named Gweenatsie, or Eagle, was the first Indian to farm for Mr. Roberts. (This man had a daughter called Quiet Taylor.) He ploughed up the sage brush on the property given by Washakie for a school farm. Now the school is there in the midst of pretty cottonwood trees. One morning, Mr. Roberts, while superintending the work, told Gweenatsie to go after another plough. This implement was about a quarter of a mile away, and he supposed the Indian would drive over for it with the team. Instead of that, he jumped on the back of one of the team horses, rode over for the plough, lifted it to one of his shoulders, mounted the horse again, and came galloping back. When he

reached Mr. Roberts he threw the plough down at his feet and broke it. "Such was my first Indian farmer," said Mr. Roberts. "But now the tribe abounds in excellent ones, who vie with the whites in raising splendid crops."

Gweenatsie continued his work with the broken plough. Suddenly he called Mr. Roberts' attention to a rocky hill about a mile away.

"Do you see some women (Shoshones) up there among the rocks?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Mr. Roberts; "what are they doing?"

"Oh, laying by (burying) a child."

"Whose child is it?"

"Mine!" answered Gweenatsie; "it is just a girl!"

The Shoshones have changed very much since then, in their estimate of a daughter; and they always seek Christian burial in a cemetery now.

Mr. Roberts went on to tell of Friday, a little Arapahoe boy. When quite small, he was captured by the whites and taken to St. Louis, where he was well brought up and educated. When he became a man, he had a great desire to return to his people. With the help of the Government, he reached one of the distant western forts. Learning at this point of the whereabouts of the Arapahoes, he procured a horse, and by the aid of a friendly Indian, after many days of wandering, he found his people. Friday's relatives recognized him and gave him a great welcome. He

was shocked at their condition. When they offered him food, he could not eat it, so dirty and untidy were the surroundings. He decided to return to the whites, but as his guides left him, he found it impracticable. For two or three days he could eat nothing offered to him; but being a husky, strong young fellow, his appetite at last returned and overcame all scruples. He ate everything that was set before him. One day he was taking a ride with Dr. Irwin. All of a sudden Friday spied a piece of bread along the road. He jumped from his horse, and picking it up, began to eat it. He was reproved by the agent, who said he did not know whether that bread was fit to eat or not. "Doctor," answered Friday philosophically, "we miss a great many of the good things of life by being too particular!" And he told him of his return to his tribe. Sam Friday, his grandson, has a fine farm just below the Washakie Sulphur Springs.

My visit to the school for Shoshone Indian girls was most delightful and interesting. To those not especially interested, the routine may seem humdrum. Breakfast is at seven for everyone, after which the kitchen work is attended to and the dormitories put in order; then, prayers at nine. The children have special days for washing and ironing and churning and sweeping and mopping and sewing. Certain ones are selected to prepare vegetables for the noon dinner. The afternoon is devoted to school work in the

combination chapel and school house, built of logs; then there is time for romping out-of-doors until the supper bell rings.

At evening prayer, the children sing six hymns of their own choosing, sometimes seven and eight, and they love to sing. The older ones put their whole soul into it. Rose Wagner, lamed for life by an accident, but a girl of beautiful character and very capable, has a fine soprano voice. If cultivated, it would stand comparison with the best in our city choirs. Rose does the genuine Shoshone bead work—flower designs in all colors. During the course of some conversations with her, she told me something of the Peyote meetings now held among her people.

Every Saturday night, the Shoshones, as well as the Arapahoes, hold a big meeting in a tent. The young people flock to them, especially the young men; and they, as well as the girls, are attired in their best clothes. When all are assembled, a chapter from the Bible is read by the leader, and the Lord's Prayer is recited. Then some one chooses a Shoshone song, to which an accompaniment is beaten on the individual drums, and this continues for some time, as the songs are selected by different members of the congregation. After the musical programme is completed, they sit on their feet with knees bent, praying to the Father and receiving the peyote beans, which are handed to them. These beans are small and taste like dirt. Four, the usual number taken

by each one, have quite an effect on the recipients, very similar to that of opium. When morning comes they go outside and talk, but their speech is thick. Some who have partaken too freely of the pernicious drug are obliged to be taken to their homes in buggies. They feel strange and are liable to have all sorts of visions. One or two declared they have seen lights on the heads of good Shoshones, like the cloven tongues of fire at Pentecost. Others, perhaps, see snakes appearing in and about their food. If children are ill, they are taken to these meetings, prayed for, and allowed to eat the beans. The poor little creatures nearly always die. The white doctors have told the Indians that if they continue to take the peyote bean, a certain kind of worm will form in them and eat into their systems; but the majority do not believe it. Some of the better class of Indians are very much opposed to these meetings and could not be induced to attend them. Rose is very sceptical about the morals of her people. She told me she knew only two pure women in the whole tribe. She herself is part white, and not very loyal to her Indian blood.

One afternoon, as I was sitting on the front lawn, two Indian girls, Iva Sinclair and Mollie Snyder, came over and threw themselves on the grass beside me. "Each one of you must tell me a story," I said, and they related the following brief tales:

Some Shoshones, who were moving from one camping place to another, had a pet bear. The woman of the family was left behind with her horse and the bear, and the horse on which the bear was to ride. The others went on ahead to make the new place ready. She tried her best to help the bear on the horse, but he was too heavy and clumsy. Finally she gave him a good slap, and he turned on her and killed her! Iva declares this is a true story. She knows the woman's grand-daughter!

Once upon a time a boy was right in the midst of the fighting when the Shoshones were having a battle with the Cheyennes. He forgot his danger while he was watching the fighting and scalping. Although he was told not to go, he ran down to the Cheyennes' camp; but got back safely. His brother scolded him. This made him very angry, and he started off with a lot of clubs to kill his brother's horse. The latter thought he was in earnest and went in search of him; but he was only teasing his brother, so did not kill the horse. Instead, he brought back with him a quantity of otters and beavers and rabbits and ducks. This boy turned out to be a great hunter and a brave warrior.

Once upon a time a little boy, about four years old, was lost from the camp. The people looked for him everywhere but could not find him. One day his brother was hunting in the mountains and ran across a number of coyotes. There was the

long lost boy, living with them! The coyotes brought him rabbits and chickens, and gave him, too, the liver and sweetbreads of the calves and lambs they killed. After he ate, they licked the blood from his mouth and face. They kept him warm by letting him sleep cuddled among them; and they covered him up with their tails. The boy had been gone two years. He was very wild. His hair was matted, his nails were grown very long; and he was quite naked and terribly dirty.

The Shoshones tell a story of one of their people who, while hunting in the mountains, was overtaken by a storm and found refuge in a bear's den. This he discovered to his horror after he had been in the den for a little while; furthermore, he saw that the bears had prepared a huge ball of grass like a bale of hay. During the winter this grass protected the opening to their cave, but since some mild days had come, the bears had removed it; that was why the den was open. Thinking the storm was abating, the man thought he would crawl out by the way he entered. To his consternation and amazement he found that the bears were sealing it up tight with the ball of grass! He was afraid they might attack him if he tried to tear down the protection to the entrance; he thought he would just wait and see how things would turn out, keep very quiet, and show as little fear as possible. The bears were very kind to him. He managed to pick up bits of meat or honey, and so kept him-

self alive. After waking from a sound sleep, he saw the bears hard at work opening their winter quarters. They were rolling away the great ball of grass which had closed up the den so tight all winter. The man came out quietly and was scarcely noticed by the bears. He was delighted with the sunshine; and when he found he was far enough away to be quite safe from attack, even if the bears were planning it, he danced and sang for joy. He never went near these animals again.



SHOSHONE MISSION SCHOOL



WASHAKIE'S CHAPEL
Shoshone Mission School



GIRLS OF SHOSHONE
MISSION SCHOOL

CHAPTER X.

IN CONCLUSION

AFTER forty years of service in the field, the "hidden hero" of our Church, the Rev. John Roberts, has retired. At least, he says he has, and Mrs. Roberts is now the warden of the Shoshone Indian School. The problem of educating their children has been to them a most difficult and serious one. At the time that their family were growing up, worth-while schools for white people in the West were few and far between. The children had to be sent long distances away, at great expense, and then only for a year or two years. This demanded manifold sacrifices on the part of the parents; long periods of privation and anxiety.

They must feel well repaid now, in having about them a group of interesting, well-trained highly useful members of society, and of untold influence for good wherever they may be situated. But this is owing chiefly to the heroism of their parents; and the beautiful atmosphere of their home, in which it was provided that they should learn, from their earliest years, all

things that Christians ought to know and believe to their souls' health.

Mr. Roberts and his family are as much beloved by all the white people in the region as by the Indians. The latter have a favorite, significant name for him, and other names for Mrs. Roberts, their son, and four daughters.

Mr. Roberts they call Dambavie or Elder Brother. Mrs. Roberts is Dambavie-un-gwe, Elder Brother's wife. Their son is Wuchnaja, or Bear Chief; Mrs. Graham is Muzumbeatsie or Mountain Chief; as she was such a fine climber when she lived at the school. Mrs. Markley is Baritsie or Elk; Miss Marian, Gwaratsie or Antelope; Miss Gwen, Sogoratsie or Deer. The people of our Church (the Episcopalians) are named Tosagwaso, or White Robes.

Mr. Roberts sees a great change in the lives of the Indians during the forty years he has lived on the Reservation. During the first year he was there, these people sold some three thousand buffalo hides, and many skins of elk and other animals. When he was a boy, living at his own home in Wales, he remembers that great quantities of buffalo meat were shipped to England. Hunting for a living is now unknown, and the Indians are employed in agriculture and stock raising; many of them are making good, some are moderately well-to-do, others really prosperous, and the majority of both the Arapahoes and Sho-

shones on this reservation owe their success to the efforts of Mr. Roberts.

The object of the Indian schools and of all Mr. Roberts' long, faithful service among them, has been, and is, to make the Indians self-supporting and self-respecting. The education given them is very practical, and special attention is devoted to industrial pursuits. The girls are taught everything a ranchman's daughter ought to know. They are also required to learn English, which they do fairly well. Their religious instruction is carefully attended to by Mr. Roberts. They have been well instructed in regard to the importance of helping those more needy than themselves. During and after the War, the children at the Government school, as well as those at the Shoshone school, contributed largely to the Armenians for their suffering children. "God remembers all this," said Mr. Roberts, in one of his addresses to them. "You will find it in heaven. What you spend on your hair ribbons and on things for yourself you will lose. **You** can do things that God cannot. **You** can break a promise; God cannot."

Every Sunday morning Mr. Roberts talks to the children at the Government school, and on Sunday afternoons addresses the girls at his own Shoshone school. It was the greatest privilege and pleasure to hear such a lucid, pure, simple, and beautiful exposition of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and

other parts of the Gospel. It was the actual simplicity, and manifested the faith, of the disciples and of the early Christians; any little child could understand. How much we need more purity and simplicity of heart and conduct in all the exercises of our daily lives!

On one of these occasions, the appointed lesson was the narrative of Christ accompanying His parents to Jerusalem. Mr. Roberts emphasized most strongly the foster-fatherhood of Joseph, and the God-nature of our Saviour. Jesus was not half God, half man. He was all God, all man. We know He was man, human, because He got tired, hungry, thirsty. God could not be any of these. Then, Jesus Christ died. God cannot die. He was God, because there was darkness, night, over the earth in the middle of the day; and the earth shook, and the rocks broke. When an ordinary man dies, nothing like that happens. Christ could heal the sick; raise the dead. One day a girl twelve years old was dying, and dead when He reached the house. He took her by the hand and raised her up. Once there was a funeral procession on its slow march along the road. Christ came forward and touched the bier. They that carried the body of the young man who had died, stood still. He told the dead body to arise. The young man immediately sat up, alive, and our Lord delivered him to his mother. No mere man could do that. Once a man had been in the grave four days. When the Shoshones

die, they are wrapt in blankets and skins. This man, as the Jews prepare their dead, was wrapt in sheets. Jesus said to him: "Come forth!" and he did at once. The man could not walk very well, wrapt in these sheets. Jesus told him to take them off. He did; and walked and lived, and was well. No man could do all this. At the Judgment Day He will raise all of us, and we will put on our bodies again as we do our clothes and will live in heaven with Him. He is now seated at God's right hand praying for us.

On another occasion, Mr. Roberts spoke to the children on the Temptation in the Wilderness. Christ was forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, out on the prairies and in the mountains, with the wild beasts, as St. Mark tells us, and tempted of the Devil. There is no word in Shoshone for tempt; the nearest to it is tease. Our Lord was teased by Satan. Satan said to Him: "Turn that stone into bread." Now Christ was perfectly able to turn the stone into bread; but that is not the way He does things. He has the ground prepared and the wheat sowed, and it grows and ripens, and is turned into flour for bread. Then the Devil took Him up into the great city of Jerusalem, on a high place of the Temple, the largest and most magnificent church in the world, where all the Jews worshipped; and way down below, all around, it was very steep. The Devil said to Him: "Cast Thyself down! You won't hurt Yourself! God will hold You up;

He under You will protect You!" It is the same as when little eagles fly; the large eagle hovers underneath, so they can fall on her and not hurt themselves. "God's angels will be watching, so that You will not fall!" The teasing, the teasing of this Evil One!

Then the Devil took our Lord up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; as though they had been brought together into a great picture. The Devil said: "These are mine. I will give them to **you** if you will worship **me**." Jesus answered: "I will worship God only. He alone is to be served." Then the angels came and ministered to Christ. They are beautiful beings, very strong, and they fly. But our Lord did not fly. When He ascended, He went up; right up into heaven. They are the messengers of God; they wait on Him, and go to help those who need defense on earth.

If we keep God's Commandments, we shall find ourselves, when we die, right near the open door of our Father's home, and directly with the angels. But we must keep God's commandments, and we must take care of our bodies. Some people commit suicide. God has given us our lives; they are to go back to Him in His good appointed time. Suppose a friend has given you a present and you throw it in his face! So people do when they take their own lives; they throw the beautiful gift of life back into God's face.

In addition to all the strenuous, active work that Mr. Roberts has accomplished in his sojourn on this Indian Reservation in charge of the Arapahoe, Shoshone, and white missions, he has translated St. Luke's Gospel into Arapahoe, and also the Prayer Book, except the Psalms, and some of the minor offices. This language is similar to the Hebrew; well constructed and beautiful. For the beginner it is more difficult than the Shoshone; but becomes much easier as one advances in it. He has translated Morning Prayer and part of the Communion Service into the Shoshone, also a Catechism, which is mostly negative, denying the beliefs of these Indians, and at the same time giving them the truths of the Gospel. It was an extremely difficult task, as neither language had ever before been reduced to writing.

The story of the early life of the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, under the title of "Desthewa, the Young Arapahoe", has also been most entertainingly and comprehensively written by Mr. Roberts.

Through the important position he has held and still occupies, Mr. Roberts is evidently looked upon as an overseer with insight, accurate, trustworthy, arriving at correct results without jumping at hasty conclusions, of which an ordinary traveller might be accused. He has lived among these Indians for more than a generation, working with them in the endeavor for

their betterment, spiritually, mentally, and domestically. He thinks that the tribes are now on the highway to Christianity. They are honest, as a rule, or not given to petty stealing. There are scarcely any cases of violence. There is little inter-marrying with the whites. They are taught to be, and should be, self-supporting and gentlemen.

In the midst of these dark and sometimes almost forbidding people, Mr. Roberts' face seems animated with the spirit of Christ. Old squaws, withered and wrinkled, in their moccasins and blankets, come to him for advice and help. He is ever in demand for baptisms, marriages, and burials. He is like a father going about among them and calling each by name; sometimes speaking the Shoshone language, while with those who know it, all the younger ones, he converses in English. He has given his whole life's energy for the benefit of a race, once as wild as the bears and coyotes which infest these mountains; and has succeeded in uplifting them, and in leading them on the heavenward path. Furthermore, he has seen the transition of this virgin wilderness into a land of settlement and populous towns, and has made himself useful and prominent in this advance.

In spite of the fact of his having said he has retired, Mr. Roberts is busy from early morning to late evening. The environment has become a part of his life; his heart is still in the work, and

he is just as earnestly concerned as ever about the welfare of the red men among whom he lives. He could never be happy for any length of time away from them, or from the mountains and pastures he loves so well.

NOTES

Some Shoshone Sacred Words

God—dam Apua.

Son of God—dam Apua Andua.

Holy Ghost—dam Apua Swap Sant.

Soul—Moogwa.

Bible, God's Book—dam Apua undewop.

Jesus Christ, our Saviour—Dzees Crist dame Magwid-jwniwap.

The Lord's Prayer. Dam Apua Nashwuhi

Nim Apur nimevant, U nane ha sant,
Des nim oud Un nangarogwshwugai,
Nonza dam sogovant undzaewhe,
Damuvant wahaews. Sikan dave nim
Yudigapa nime mag. Non hinan ditc
Nime igwekapant ka ditc nime swan-gint,
Nime dadzno nime ditc dieigwekapant ka ditc nime
swangun.

Kadino didjindimbed nime jamur,
Kadzan no ditcint nime dawri;
Un, Unt ish oit da Apua,
Des Nin oiok mavanarwchant, desint swmank
Un ish nime mavejeachant,

Amen.

SOME SHOSHONE WORDS AND PROPER NAMES

Husband—go-opwa.
Wife—gwe.
Father—apwa.
Mother—beah
Children—dirapira.
Boy—doainipwa.
Grandmother—ga-goo.

Phrases

I don't know—Ka-shoon-banah.
He knows nothing—Ka-hinne-shoon-banah.

Names for Men

Wolf's Brother—Idgapwaumbave.
Rabbit Tail—Taboomgwash.
Yellow or White Beaver—Ondombit.
Hairy Leggings—Bugoosa.
Red Cloud—Engadomop.
Red Sun—Engadab.

Names for Women

Elk Calling (Good name for a woman)—Bareyagat.
Mountain Woman—Dotawipe.
Good Woman—Zawipe.
Slender Woman—Ganavish.

Population of the Shoshone Indian Reservation

There are about seventeen hundred Indians on the Reservation, including the Arapahoes.

| | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Total number of Shoshones | Males (1921) | 478 |
| " | " " Females | 421 |
| " | " " Births | 40 |
| " | " " Deaths | 25 |
| " | " " Minors, (Male to 20 yr) | 197 |
| " | " " " Female to 18 yr.) | 201 |
| " | " " Male Adults, 21 yrs. and over | 281 |
| " | " " Female " 18 yrs. and over | 220 |
| " | " " Families | 412 |
| " | " " Shoshone Population | 899 |

PRINTED IN
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY
MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

E99 .S404

Shoshone folk lore, as discovered from

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



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